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THE LIFE OF THE LATE ATTORNEY

THE LATE ATTORNEY
JAMES HASTINGS.

THE LATE ATTORNEY
HASTINGS LISTS.

THE LATE ATTORNEY
HEATHER BELLS.

THE LATE ATTORNEY
IAN TOWN: A DRAMA.

THE LATE ATTORNEY
ROSE AND THISTLE.

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AFTER-TOIL SONGS.

AFTER-TOIL SONGS

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN,

Author of "A Life Pursuit," &c., &c.

Cast Business love away
When Business hours are o'er,
And with the coming day
It will reward thee more.

LONDON :
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
1882.

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TO

Jean,

INSPIRER, COMFORTER, AND GUIDE—

MY LIGHT OF HOME, MY CHILDREN'S PRIDE.

Sunderland, March, 1882.

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AFTER-TOIL SONGS.

FROM THE LIVES OF HEROES.

FROM the lives of the heroes of men
Our paths shall be shaped ;
By the light of each truth-teaching pen
Our creed shall be draped ;
We shall soar with a calm-searching ken
From darkness escaped.

We are feeble, and grope in the dark
For things unexpressed ;
The unsolvable problems we mark,
To feel more unblest ;
In our misery we find not an ark
Wherein we can rest.

Let us follow the paths which are limned
By God-gifted seers ;
From their pages our lamps must be trimmed
To guide us to spheres,
Where our being, erst weak and gloom-dimmed,
Shall brighten with years.

We shall treasure the blossoms which spring
From great thoughts alone ;
And the sower of seed that shall bring
Our hearts to his throne
Shall be ever our hero and king,
To follow and own.

We shall strive as true heroes in life ;
Our deeds shall be such
That our brothers uncheered in the strife
May find in them much
To allay the unrest which is rife,
With Hope-giving touch.

CHEER UP, MY FELLOWS.

CHEER up, my fellows, ever know
King Duty is our lord below ;
Allegiance true to him we owe ;
 We'll chant, we'll chant his praise :
See Labor's sun illumines his throne,
See earnest men to him are known,
A sluggard's gifts he scorns to own,
 And spurns his feeble lays.

Cheer up, my fellows, never yield,
We'll fight like heroes on the field ;
Our sword is Hope, and Truth our shield,
 We'll work, an' win, 'or fa' ;
Our hearts are leal, our limbs are strong,
Our hammers sing our marching song ;
We'll do the Right and shun the Wrong—
 Our Labor is our a'.

Cheer up, my fellows, never fear,
When Fate is thrawn, when a' is drear,
Some happy comrade's voice we'll hear
 To spur us on anew ;
The warl' has need o' men wha stand
Wi' fearless heart an' willing hand,
Aye ready in the front-rank band
 Life's labor-deeds to do.

Cheer up, my fellows, a' unite
To bear the torch o' Labor's light,
An' coming scribes our fame shall write
 Upon a deathless page ;
Cheer up ! tho' lowly 'mid our kind,
Tho' poor rewards we ever find,
We'll onward march and leave behind
 A victor's heritage.

BE A MAN.

IN the battle rush o' life,

Be a man,

IN the never ceasing strife,

Be a man ;

IF at hammer, plough, or pen,

Show to a' your fellowmen

Duty's creed ye truly ken

Like a man.

Though your lot be unco hard,

Be a man,

Though ye reap a sma' reward,

Be a man ;

LIFE is best when guid an' true,

Honest deeds ne'er sink from view,

Right repays, if ye pursue

Like a man.

When amid your lowly friends,

Be a man,

When success your path attends,

Be a man ;

Bear a jealous neebor's hate,

Bear the cauldness o' the great,

Bear the troubles o' your fate

Like a man.

If o'erwhelmed wi' pain or grief,

Be a man,

If your joys gi'e nae relief,

Be a man ;

Stand erect before a foe,

Ne'er a coward's pallor show,

Smile on Death's exultin' blow

Like a man.

BRITANNIA'S SONS.

BRITANNIA! Empress of the Sea, in glory will abide,
Where'er her gallant soldiers march, or matchless
navies ride ;

No tyrant harsh shall frame her laws, no foe tread on
her soil,

While Freedom's light untarnished shines in every
Briton's smile.

Her triune banner proudly waves in every clime afar,
The emblem of her glorious deeds in progress, peace,
and war ;

Beneath its sacred folds are seen, with victory on their
brows,

The men who claim the shamrock, the thistle, and
the rose.

The patriot's pride exulting lives within their daunt-
less hearts,

They own allegiance to the faith that liberty imparts,

They stand the pioneers of all that elevates mankind;
Their footprints point to brotherhood, and leave no
stain behind.

To stem Aggression's cruel path, to crush the despot's
sway,

Is their peculiar destiny, and who their might can stay?
The conquerors of conquerors, invincible are those
Whose symbol is the shamrock, the thistle, and the
rose.

It is their heritage to crush the blood-stained kings
of lust,

To give the joy of liberty to nations in the dust;
'Tis theirs to rend Oppression's bonds, 'tis theirs to
lead the van,

'Tis theirs to make the coward slave feel that he is a
man.

And who shall stand before them 'neath a charter
such as this,

When "Liberty to all mankind" their deathless
watchword is?

Their name and arms shall ever be a terror to their foes,
While nursed beneath the shamrock, the thistle, and
the rose.

THE EXPRESS ENGINE.

MAJESTIC it stands in its polished bands,
With harness of iron and steel ;
It waits the demands of its driver's hands,
And longs its power to feel.

O ! its mighty spirit is meek and tame,
Yet measures of miles its sinews disdain ;
It laughs, for its food is the roaring flame ;
Unbounded its joy, as is loosed the rein,
To dart like a fiend away.

It snorts with delight as it bears its freight
Away with the speed of the wind ;
Its emblem of might is the banner white
That streams like a cloud behind.
Defiant it flies from the tempest's wrath,
The thunder's roar, or the lightning's gleam ;
Loud-sounding afar on its iron path,
It bounds through hill, o'er valley and stream,
And shoots like a meteor away.

Thro' dark forests lone its challenge rolls on
 Shrill-sung with a conqueror's might ;
Triumphant in tone, earth's uttermost zone
 Shall echo the shout with delight.
O ! Liberty rides on its rattling wheels,
 And Peace is proclaimed with its fiery breath ;
The foot of the slave shall dance to its peals,
 For Tyranny flies from the knell of death,
 Which bursts from its bosom away.

JIM BELL.

It was night, and no moon was seen, the sky was
as dark as the clouds ;
The wind from the westward blew soft, and sang a
low hymn 'mid the shrouds,
The crew on the deck were hushed as their craft,
with its latitude made,
Now headed for Charleston bar, where the war-ships
were keeping blockade.

The captain was named Segar Gray, a Confed from
fair New Orleans,
As brave as a lion, and calm in the midst of terrible
scenes ;
Fear never found room in his heart, no matter what
dangers he ran,
A coward beneath his eye-glance was taught to
behave like a man.

Jim Bell was his chief engineer, a clear-headed, cool-
going Scot,

Who never had heard the strange sound or the crash
of an angry shot ;
His duty was ever his creed, a smooth-running engine
his boast,
So always in tempest or calm he stood like a god at
his post.

Nearing the belt of war vessels that stretched round
the mouth of the bay,
For the northern channel they steered and stealthily
sped on their way ;
When black in the darkness the loom of a ship rose
right on their beam,
Then up went a rocket on high and scattered its
light-spreading gleam. .

O God! they were seen! they were seen! a gun
poured its flame-sheeted breath,
And loud was the shriek of the shell that sped on its
message of death ;
Striking the sea a few yards from the hull of the
brave little craft,
Over the funnel it sprang and burst loud in the air
well abaft.

"Stand by the engines!" "More steam now!" the
captain cried down to Jim Bell,—

"I'll take the wheel, we must run now away from the
range of their shell."

Alone on the bridge deck he stood, while Jim with
the calm that inspires,
Cheered the grim firemen who shovelled, like demons,
the coal on the fires.

Shell after shell hissed around them, the timid crew
stood by the boats;

Shell after shell burst around them, one crashed
through the fast-rolling floats,

In through the bunkers it rattled, then out through
the bunkers it passed;

Rent were the plates of the craft then and hopelessly
crippled at last.

Quick rushed the water within her, the firemen
ran up to the deck,

Away with the crew in the boats they pulled from the
fast sinking wreck;

Alone by the engines Jim stood and kept them still
moving ahead,

Waiting the signal to "stop her," nor fearing though
messmates had fled.

Waiting the signal to "stop her!"—the voice which
should give it was stilled,
Over the wheel chains the captain, still grasping the
wheel spokes, lay killed ;
Nearer and nearer the cruiser loomed large 'gainst
the night-laden skies,
Out went her boats in the darkness, but never to
seize on the prize.

Still higher the dark water rose, the fires in each
boiler were drowned,
The steam died away to a breath, the engines refused
to go round ;
The stricken craft gave her death lurch, the closing
sea whispered her knell ;
A hero went down with her then—that hero was noble
Jim Bell !

THEY WERE NEVER HEARD OF.

OUT from the Forth they sped, and steamed away
with delight,
Cleaving the restless waves, daring the wrath of the
night ;
Up on the wind-swept bridge the sea-beaten captain
stood,
Scanning the black rack's lour, which trailed on the
black-waved flood ;
Pacing the fok'sle head, the sou'-westered lookout
peered,
Scorning the white-lipped seas which over the handrail
reared,
Thinking on those he loved, and humming a song of
home,
Bearing for them the blast, and blows of the flying
foam.
Sound in their lamp-lit berths, the off-watch slumbered
away,

Lulled by the deep, dull swish of angry waters at
play,

Dreaming the dreams of men who know that their lot
is hard,

Trusting in Him above as the sailor's only guard.

Down by the Fire-god's throne the grimy votaries
toiled,

Feeding his fiery maws, while his limbs with care they
oiled ;

Heedless of wind and waves, the steam at its best
they kept,

Standing their watch like braves, tho' seas o'er the
funnel leapt.

Astern, their native land in the tempest-gloom was
lost,

Lone on the wild North Sea the vessel was wearily
tossed ;

Higher the mad waves sprang, hurling their pitiless
swell,

Louder the cold wind blew, ah ! sounding the doomed
ship's knell ;

Down in the black-jawed vales she dived as a fearless
thing,

Up on the crests again, to plunge with a quiver and
swing.

Bravely the fight she bore, bravely the blasts she
defied,

Calmly each man beheld her foes leaping o'er her side:
They saw her settling fast, they saw her glory was
gone,

They looked above—around—Hope fled from that
wild waste lone.

Sad was their parting then ; each said to his mates,
“ Farewell ! ”

The word to heaven was borne, and the wind sang,
“ All is well ! ”

Up on the waves once more, down ! down ! like an
ocean bird,

One death-cry rose afar, and but One that death-cry
heard.

ETERNITIE.

WHILE the other eve a-walking,
Lonely, by the moaning sea,
To the waves I fell a-talking,
And they seemed to answer me ;
Then I saw, beyond divining,
Something moving to and fro,
Something in the waters shining
With a phosphorescent glow ;
And the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
“ Eternitie.”

And I stood and gazed unceasing
On each white o'erlapping wave,
Curiosity increasing
Filled the glances which I gave ;
Boldly at the object peering,
Wondering what it could be,

Questioning myself, yet fearing
 'Twas some monster of the sea ;
But the waves kept falling, falling,
 Ever strangely calling, calling,
 " Eternitie."

Lo ! a sea-gull, white and gleaming,
 Rose from off the shining thing,
Hovered for awhile, and, screaming,
 Swooped again on greedy wing ;
Tossing, rolling, drifting, nearing,
 In the halo I could trace
Lineaments, each moment clearing,
 Of a pallid human face ;
And the waves kept falling, falling,
 Ever strangely calling, calling,
 " Eternitie."

Wearily, the waves receding,
 Flung their lustrous toy away,
Bird of beauty ! cease thy feeding,
 Leave that night-enveloped clay.
Off thou white-winged creature, pecking

With insatiable strife ;
Thou art heedless, little recking
'Tis a vacant throne of life ;
And the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
“ Eternitie.”

Tell me, bird of tempest, wheeling
In the gloaming-shadowed skies,
Whence the love that thou are feeling
For those stony, staring eyes ?
Fixed, alas ! on darkling heaven
With a look which living seems ;
Nevermore to them is given
Wakening from their dream of dreams ;
And the sad waves falling, falling,
Mournfully were calling, calling,
“ Eternitie.”

This was once a man, delighting
In the mystery within,
Living, loving, hoping, fighting
Little victories to win ;

Cease thy screaming, bird of sorrow,
Soaring as his victory's sign,
Life has found its joyous morrow,
Take the nothingness, 'tis thine ;
And the far waves rolling, rolling,
Rung as death-bells tolling, tolling,
"Eternitie."

POOR JIM.

THE night was dark, the north wind rushed along,
And poured with glee its melancholy song ;
The surly sea dashed loudly on the shore,
And hoarsely flung its storm-portending roar ;
The lowering clouds athwart the skies were massed,
And o'er the earth their murky shadows cast ;
The full-browed moon thro' every cloud-gap peered,
And shed one ray of love, then disappeared ;
The world was hushed in sleepful silence, save
When the rude blast its doleful wailings gave,
Which through each lonely street in sadness flew,
Proclaiming Nature's dreariness anew
To all mankind : while Plenty's nurslings slept,
Want's thin-clad cowering children closer crept,
Or woke in tears, as thro' their chinky panes
They heard the sound of winter's warning strains
Commingleing with the midnight notes which fell
In solemn cadences from every bell :—

'Twas at this hour a pale poetic form
Stole through the streets, oblivious to the storm ;
Fired with the impulse of his heavenly art,
Hope in his bosom dwelt, elate his heart,—
His darkly lustrous, genius-gleaming eyes
Scanning the gloomy grandeur of the skies
With wordless joy : and as the dark clouds swept
O'er heaven's vast dome, his soul with rapture leapt,
Till Art's divinest aims and noblest themes
O'erfilled its wondrous depths with unlimned dreams :
Ah me ! with high-flushed hopes he homeward sped,
Nor heard the wind's weird voice which, whispering,
fled

With piteous sighings, while its midnight hymn
Seemed sounding wildly far, " Poor Jim ! Poor Jim ! "

* * * * *

See ! Death's insatiate shadow, hovering, stalked
Upon his shadow as he joyous walked ;
And oft, with high-stretched arm he poised the dart,
But trembling feared to strike the Child of Art,
Whose hands had oft with master-touch divine
Laid genius-lighted offerings on the shrine
Of lofty Art, beneath whose heavenly spell,

An earnest worshipper, he loved to dwell :—
Now, o'er the night-hued curtains of the east,
Th' advancing day-god's glory-glow increased
With golden splendour, and amid its sheen
One bright and solitary star was seen
Timorously watching, as a love-lit eye
O'er-dimmed with grief, her more than lover die :—
Death spake !—one lingering look to heaven afar
He gave, and smiled upon the trembling star,
Which slowly sank as calmly silent then,
His artist-soul sprang from its earthly ken :
Life's tale was told, the dawn-winds sighed for him
In monotones of grief,—“ Poor Jim ! Poor Jim ! ”

RECONCILIATION ; OR, AFTER MANY YEARS.

LONG years, sad years, have passed away, and we have
been estranged,

We both have felt the bitterness of souls uninter-
changed ;

My memory dwells on former days, when we, with
love imbued,

In happiness together lived and kindred paths pursued.

As when a dark rock, lightning-cleft, falls in the
stream below,

And stands a ruthless barrier to its erst melodious
flow,

So fell that cold malefic cause which rent our friend-
ship's chain,

And shaped for us a loveless course of weariness and
pain.

'Twas then we felt the loneliness of life when love is
dead,

We saw long years of sorrow, with all joy and beauty
fled,
We vainly sought that summer calm which once our
souls bedecked,
But winter's chill was in our hearts, and all of peace
was wrecked.

Ours was no common bond which bound the years of
bliss we felt,
The dearest chords of sympathy from kinship in us
dwelt,
When we were one, love's cloudless morn filled us with
sunny light,
Until its dark antithesis came o'er us with its blight.

Then from its heart-throned base fell down the shrine
our friendship reared,
Deep as we loved, so did we hate and as old foes
appeared ;
Once high-souled men, how soon we fell from man-
hood's lofty height
To wallow in the mire of wrath with low insensate
might.

One moment, void of reason, dashed the work of
years away ;

We felt the world could not restore what we had lost
for aye ;

We could not brook each other more, for as we silent
passed

The memories of other times their sacred shadows
cast.

We parted without word or sign, and lived as
strangers cold,

Yet what we were and might have been, our silent
dreamings told ;

Tho' quaffing up forgetfulness amid life's dash and
din,

We could not hush our soul's sad voice, which, chiding,
spake within.

The long, dead, years which have been ours have
taught, with iron tongue,

The wisdom of forgiveness sweet, from sorrow-lessons
wrung,

Have bowed our backs and dimmed our eyes, have
made us strangely calm,

And as we scanned their heart-deep grave, tears were
our only balm.

Ah! though our eyes are dim we see the portals of
the tomb,
Which lead unto that chartless sea of everlasting
gloom,
Where all life's love, and hate, and wrong, all longing,
and unrest,
Sink in the dark oblivion which broods upon its breast.

We near the ever silent time; 'tis well we both have
met;

We now can feel as once we felt, and all our hate
forget.

One moment of love's former love shall banish all our
past,

And Reconciliation's tears shall cleanse our souls at
last.

THE ROBIN AND SPARROW.

THE snow lay deep, the north wind blew,
And dark clouds filled the sky ;
On hill and dale a cheerless view
Appeared unto the eye.

The sea surged sadly on the shore,
And moaned as if in pain,
While Winter's blasts of rime and hoar
Commingled with its strain.

Around the fires the children sat,
Or romped with dolls and toys,
Or happy-hearted poured their chat
With childhood's cheery noise.

From door to door the wandering poor,
In trembling accents, said
The piteous pray'r which might procure
A beggar's dole of bread.

The tame-winged birds found scanty food
In gardens, streets, or lanes ;
To make their prayers understood
They tapped upon the panes.

With hungry heart a robin flew
Upon my window sill ;
He looked at me as if he knew
I could not do him ill.

His coat, a sleeky brown, was clean,
His waistcoat red and fair ;
His trousers grey were short, I ween,
His legs and feet were bare.

The hardy beggar's sparkling eye
Looked knowingly at me ;
He kept his little head awry,
And winked familiarly.

Somehow I heard his wordless pray'r,
A crust for him I found ;
He watched my movements with an air
Of gratitude profound.

I ope'd the window with delight,
He flew into the yard ;
But still he kept the hand in sight,
Which bore his food-reward.

The crust was flung amid the snow,
He seized the welcome prize ;
But ah ! a greedy feathered foe
Appeared before his eyes.

A sooty sparrow, strong and grim,
With battle-giving look,
Conceived the crust belonged to him,
So he the morsel took.

The robin gazed with tearful eye
Upon the heartless thief,
Then sweetly sad arose on high
His plaintive song of grief.

Poor bird ! Men do like acts of wrong,
And view it not as crime ;
The weak are conquered by the strong,
Who deem their deeds sublime.

MY BOOK BUSTS.

MEMORY closing, gently dozing
In my book-encircled room,
Happy seeming, strangely dreaming
Voices whisper in the gloom ;
Starting, waking, fearing, shaking—
Nothing but my voiceless books,
Nothing round me to confound me,
Save their fascinating looks.

Am I haunted or enchanted ?
Are my books now living things ?
Each is glowing, each bestowing
Light that gives the darkness wings ;
Watching, wondering, gazing, pondering,
Their creators seem to rise,
And their faces, full of graces,
Loom before my loving eyes.

Shakespeare—kingly, shineth singly,

Featured eloquent, divine,

Many-lustred, glory-clustered

Gems of genius round him shine.

Burns—still homely, gloweth comely,

Song-light decks his massive head,

Beaming star-like, flashing warlike,

From his eyes love's fire is shed.

Scott—victorious, gleameth glorious,

Chieftain 'mid Fame's mighty men,

Still enriching, still bewitching,

Still a monarch of the pen.

Byron—thund'rous, gloometh wond'rous,

Prince in Poetry's domain,

Laughing, lashing, 'mid the flashing

Lightnings of his fiery brain.

Wordsworth—lowly, beameth holy,

Fashioned like a priest of thought,

Child-like stooping, flower-like drooping,

With the dews of Poesy fraught.

Swinburne—fearless, riseth peerless,

Lit with music-stars of rhyme,
Sweetly singing, freely flinging
Jewels on the throne of Time.

Am I haunted or enchanted?
Are my Books still living things?
Faces present, lovely, pleasant,
Guard the deathless offerings:
Busts of Preachers! busts of Teachers!
Glowing on my shelves around,
Friends for ever, failing never,
All my joys in ye are found.

THE FISHERMAN.

“Dream ye ocht of thae puir fellows ?”—*Lady Nairne.*

UPON the sands he lay, sae cauld,
Wi' face upturned to wrathfu' skies,
While tongues o' waves wad dartin' fauld,
Or lick, wi' greedy joy, their prize :
His boat an' oars, his net an' sail,
Alang the beach in fragments strown,
Wi' fearfu' pathos tauld the tale
O' death on wings o' tempest blown.

Nae mair thae han's a boat shall steer,
Nerved wi' the strong breid-winnin' charm ;
Nae mair thae een, which kent nae fear,
Shall spy the distant-rollin' storm ;
Ah me ! the win', thy life-lang freen,
Blaws on an' cuddles still thy hair,
An' seems to mourn that it has been
The foe that left thee lyin' there.

An' Ocean's hoarse-sung, hollow, tone,
Soun's on wi' music wildly vain,
Thy heart nae mair will bauldly own
The impulse o' his spirit strain,
It winna cow'r noo to his voice,
Whan poured in melancholy moods,
It winna 'neath his roar rejoice,
Whan battlin' wi' dark thunder clouds.

Whan in defiance he has raved,
An' white wi' anger swept his frown,
The danger thou hast bauldly braved
Thy ingle joys the vict'ry's crown ;
Ah ! conquered noo, he doth thee claim,
An' flings owre thee his windin' sheet
O' tempest-woven feath'ry faem,
The emblem o' thy sure defeat !

Some wee bit cot is a' alane,
Some tearfu' een gaze ocean airt,
They dinna ken that thou art ta'en
Awa frae a' whase life thou wert.
Ae heart, wi' love's wild anguish sair,

Aft, aft, the cottage door has socht,
An' hugged her lammie aye the mair
To calm the bitter war o' thocht.

They little ken, they daurna dree,
That thou nae mair wilt hameward bound,
Hope winna let the anxious pree
The terrors o' a faither drowned ;
The awfu' tale maun sune be tell't,
Hearts auld an' young maun orphaned be,
Love's licht maun into darkness melt,
For sunshine only lived wi' thee.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

I WAS sittin' by the ingle
Wi' my bairnie on my knee,
I was croonin' to him sadly,
An' the tears stood in my e'e ;
The nicht was dark, the win' sang wi'
A wild an' dolefu' ca',
An' my heart was fu' o' sorrow,
For my thochts were far awa.

I was thinkin' on his faither,
Far awa on battle-fields,
I was seekin' for the comfort
That the thocht o' safety yields.
The hoose was fu' o' whisperin's,
A rustlin' soun' I heard,
Like the gentle fauldin' o' the wings
O' some puir weary bird.

I was fearin', for a shadow
 Seemed to licht the cottage wa',
I was cuddlin' at my bairnie,
 When I strangely dee'd awa :
Then a voice o' solemn sweetness
 Said, " Sister come wi' me ;"
An' I sped awa like lichtnin'
 To a lan' across the sea.

I was hearin' roars o' battle,
 An' despair was in my breast,
I was wand'rin' sad an' lonely,
 When the sun sank down to rest
Owre a red an' reekin' valley
 'Mang the deein' an' the dead,
An' cries o' agony arose
 Frae men aroun' me spread.

I was gazin' fu' o' terror
 At the dark, unholy scene,
I was faintin', when I startit
 At a voice that whispered " Jean ;"
I looked into ae bluidy face

That seemed to smile on me,
O God ! it was my ain guidman
Cauld lyin' on the lea !

I 'was weepin' on his bosom,
'But nae word o' life he spak,
I was shriekin', when I wauken'd,
An' my heart was like to brak ;
A saft han' seemed to touch my broo,
An' a rustlin' soun' I heard,
Like the gentle spreadin' o' the wings
O' some departin' bird.

I am lanely noo an' weary,
An' I greet baith nicht an' day,
I am dowie an' unhappy,
An' my heart is deid wi' wae.
My bonnie bairn looks in my face,
An' aye the face I see
O' him the cruel war has ta'en
Awa for aye frae me.

FOR BREAD.

NAE wark to be had,
I'm cheerless and sad,
Frae mornin' to evenin' I wearily tread ;
I fear my ain home,
When near it I come,
I ken that my bairnies are cryin' for bread.

The giral is toom,
Cauld Poverty's gloom,
An' heart-gnawin' terrors aroun' me are shed ;
Nae fire in the grate,
Frae early to late
My puir raggit bairnies are cryin' for bread.


Aroun' the dark hearth,
Which smells o' the earth,
That sune will hae for them a sorrowless bed,
They tremblin'ly cower,

An' wanderin'ly glower,
Wee shadows o' bairnies a' cryin' for bread.

O' claes unco scant,
A spectre o' want,
The puir mither greets owre her lammies maist dead ;
Deep down in her heart
Gangs love's cruel dart
When hearin' her bairnies a' cryin' for bread.

Her love canna wane,
She cuddles them fain,
Her braws hae a' gane that they a' micht be fed ;
An' noo as she greets,
She looks at the streets,
An' fechts wi' the pangs o' their cryin' for bread.

Ye wealth-rollin' men,
Ah ! little ye ken,
The guid ye could do were your gifts freely spread ;
Gowd ever is blest,
An' never is missed
When keepin' puir bairnies frae cryin' for bread.



But winter's snell breath
Will kindly bring death ;
'Tis better we die when life's beauty is fled,
Than live in despair,
An' heart-broken bear
The anguish o' bairnies a' cryin' for bread.

UNKNOWN.

No light in the dingy room,
No life in the empty grate,
 No food, no charm ;
Amid the dark and dismal gloom
 A tattered being sate.
His eyes were sunk, his cheeks were thin,
And 'neath his shining sallow skin
 Reigned hunger's worm ;
He sate on a pallet of straw,
 He held his throbbing head,
And shrieked, " Oh, God, is this Thy law !"
He shivered and groaned and madly moaned,
 " Would that I were dead ! "

The moon, through the gaping panes,
Looked down in pity on him
 With tender rays,
He heard the sounds of Christmas strains,

And shook in every limb ;
Far, far, below in the busy street
Went men and women with joyous feet
On happy-hearted ways ;
But the Want-worn soul of him unknown
With burning unrest thrilled,
For the demon of Death in his great eyes shone
With a maniac glare in their awful stare,
By poverty instilled.

He cursed the moon, and the earth
With its mockeries of joys,
And gladness all.

Alas ! that such a soul had birth
To bear such agonies !
Oh ! what is life to the weary one !
A bondage hard, a voyage done,
A miserable thrall.

He shrieked his curse with fitful breath,
And on the cold floor fell ;
And the moonbeams wan kissed his smile of death ;
Then a distant star thro' the heavens flew far,
And all with him was well.

LINES ON SEEING A CRUSHED WORM.

FRAIL, helpless reptile, crushed and torn,
Why did'st thou leave thy lowly bourne
To wander in the paths of those
Whose cruel tread no mercy shows ?
Why did'st thou leave thy unknown home
To range where mightier kindred roam ?
Alas ! alas ! some ruthless foot,
With less of thee and more of brute,
Hath rent thy fragile link to life,
And now death's agonising strife
Is thine, poor worm !

Wert thou not happy in thy cell,
Where all thy humble brethren dwell,
Where flow'rs are sweet, where grass is green,
Where thou could'st live in joy unseen ?
Why did'st thou seek another sphere,
Away from all companions dear,

Where friends are few, where death or pain
Is oft the erring wand'rer's gain ?
Methinks contentment with thy lot
Within thee, peaceful, lingered not
To bless, poor worm !

Fain would'st thou live ; thy mangled form
Clings vainly unto life's sweet charm.
Ah me ! its tremors but disclose
Thy burning pains, thy anguished throes ;
Thou lift'st thy tiny head in woe,
To crave the pity none will show ;
It droops, it falls, no friend is nigh,
Thou feel'st indeed 'tis hard to die,
Where all is strange, where love is cold,
Where none thy less'ning pangs behold,
Alone, poor worm !

THE SLANDERER.

OUT on thee, wretch ! thou shak'st my hand,
Yea, seem'st the friend in smiles and talk,
But thou, with hollow heart, canst stand
And murder me behind my back !
Inhuman fiend ! say, dost thou feel
A pleasure in deceit and guile ?
Can rankling Envy make thee steal
My honour, gained by honest toil ?

Have I, by wrongful word or deed,
E'er robbed thee of one moment's joy ?
I've giv'n thee friendship's noblest meed,
Believing thee without alloy.
But thou hast borne the green-eyed scan
Of those vile pesterers of earth
Who bear the semblance of a man,
Yet live devoid of moral worth.

Who mock God's highest attributes,
That should in every bosom dwell ;
Whose actions savour of those brutes
Who make the world a joyless hell.
Thou, too, would'st act the dual part
And seem to be what thou art not :
Go, fool ! and cleanse thy loathsome heart
From every dark, unmanly spot.

Methinks that thou would'st fain rejoice
To see me beg from door to door
With abject mien, and whining voice,
Such as befit thy presence more.
Away, black-hearted slanderer !
Thou liv'st from all esteem exempt ;
A false and grovelling panderer,
An object of Mankind's contempt.

AT CULLODEN.

I STAND 'mid the graves of the clansmen who fell
On Culloden's lone pine-covered heath,
The red-blooming heather and nodding blue-bell
Wave sweetly above them in death ;
Be hushed, ye soft winds, as ye tenderly blow,
Or o'er them despairingly wail ;
Oh ! cease your sad voices that seem but to know
A dirge for the fate of The Gael.

Here rang the last slogan of warrior men
Whose hearts loved the old Scottish throne,
Who gallantly gathered from mountain and glen
To give to Prince Charlie his own ;
But Victory fled from the gleam of the swords
That oft told her glorious tale ;
Then merciless Cumberland's red-coated hordes
Drank deep of the blood of The Gael.

Ah! little they knew, as they rushed on their foes,
The day of their glory was o'er ;
Their pibroch's last notes as a coronach rose
For clansmen and chieftains no more.
Adieu! sad Culloden, the home of the dead
Whose mem'ries Time never can veil ;
A flow'ret I cull as in sorrow I shed
A tear for the doom of The Gael.

CULLODEN HA'.

CULLODEN Ha'! Culloden Ha'!

Sad mem'ries roun' thee dwell ;
Thy storied chaumers aye reca'
The Stuarts' dying knell ;
Here Charlie slept awa the nicht
Before the fatal morn
That saw him crushed an' reft o' micht,
A wanderer forlorn !

Culloden Ha'! Culloden Ha'!

The bravest o' the brave
Obeyed the pibroch's battle-ca',
And near thee found a grave ;
For Scotland and Prince Charlie's cause
They daured the cruel foe,
And mony roun' thy hoary wa's
Were laid forever low.

Culloden Ha'! Culloden Ha'!

The shrine o' waefu' years,
Which Hielan' hearts, tho' far awa,
Remember aye with tears ;
Their fathers' deeds, their fathers' fame,
They never can forget ;
Sae, O! they canna thole thy name
Without the auld regret.

EVICTED.

WHY should a landlord's ruthless scorn
 Be showered upon my head ?
Why should I from my home be torn,
 And forced to beg for bread ?

Here I have tilled this rugged soil,
 With unremitting care ;
Here I have spent a life of toil
 To earn a crofter's fare.

I took the place long years ago,
 'Twas then a desert waste ;
But I was young, the rent was low,
 And Hope was in my breast.

I struggled on ; each dyke and wall
 Was gathered from the land ;
My cot, this byre, this barn, have all
 Been reared by my own hand.

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Despairing oft, my lot I curst,
My work seemed void of good ;
The cheerless place was loth at first
To yield an ounce of food.

Somehow I still unquailing clung,
Determined to succeed ;
I prayed to God with fervent tongue
To bless each spring-sown seed.

My hardy cattle seemed to thrive
Upon yon barren brae ;
Their increase kept my hopes alive,
And were my only stay.

Then, by-and-bye, I took a wife,
Who well performed her part ;
She bravely bore the weary strife,
To spur my drooping heart.

Three boys were born, and, strange to tell,
Each one some blessing brought ;
The turnips, hay, and corn grew well,
We had much less of drought.

Alas ! deep sorrows o'er me rolled,
My loving helpmate died ;
She sleeps in yonder churchyard old,—
Would I were by her side !

Years passed, my boys grew up to know
The poverty around ;
They felt its misery, and so
Far distant homes they found.

I could not leave my sacred cot,
I loved it more with years ;
My heart is planted in the spot,
Its soil hath drunk my tears.

And *then* my landlord was a man
Of sympathetic heart ;
He cheered me in what I began
With open-handed art.

My efforts seemed to win his love,
I tried to feel content ;
And though he saw his fields improve,
He never raised my rent.

He died, and times were sadly changed,
His son was landlord then ;
From all old things he was estranged,
And cared not for old men.

He lived so fast, and spent so much
To be considered grand,
That Debt's unfeeling, deadly clutch,
O'ershadowed all his land.

It had to pay for his misdeeds
And wild expenditure ;
The rents were raised to meet the needs
Which reckless ways ensure.

We crofters were the sheep he fleeced ;
He used us as he pleased ;
And, as his wasteful wants increased,
We were the slaves he squeezed.

I could not give what was not got
From out the fickle soil,
So now I'm forced to quit the spot
Which bears my life of toil.

All that I've done to bring these fields
Unto their present state,
No recompense unto me yields
To cheer my hapless fate.

Why should the labour I have spent
On buildings, walls, and drains,
Be but a landlord's guage of rent,
And measure of his gains ?

Is there no law by which I can
Resist his cruel greed ?
Am I to suffer that a man
A useless life may lead ?

Evicted ! and without a cause,
No voice to Justice give :
Are these a Christian country's laws
'Neath which the poor must live ?

Oh ! what a mockery of Right !
What triumph of dire Wrong !
Beneath Injustice' deadly blight,
Our race hath suffered long.

A day will come when men will slight
A landlord's harsh command ;
Then fearless will deny his right
To sweep them from the land.

Ah me ! I never thought that I
Should feel Eviction's woes ;
In yon churchyard I hoped to lie,
When Life sank to repose.


Well, well ! my days are numbered now
Since from my home I go ;
I feel a throbbing in my brow,
My blood seems chilled and slow.

Lay me beside her when I'm dead ;
One wish before we part—
Carve on the stone above my head—
"His landlord broke his heart."

OCHON! FOR THE GAEL.

UP on the mountain crests,
Down in the vales,
Tyranny's sceptre rests,
Error prevails ;
Gaels have no spirit now,
Feeble they stand,
Watching with glances low,
Death to their land,
Ochon ! Ochon ! for the Gael.

Crushed as a conquered race,
Where is their home ?
Where is their resting place ?
Weary they roam ;
Strangers supplant the men
Once of the great ;
Silence in every glen
Tells of their fate.
Ochon ! Ochon ! for the Gael.



Chieftains are reft of fame,
Stricken each one ;
Glory hath fled their name,
Clans they have none ;
Broken are olden ties,
Leaving distrust ;
Love, which once bound them, lies
Dead in the dust.
Ochon ! Ochon ! for the Gael.

Never a voice is heard
Pleading their cause ;
Never a bosom stirred
By their death-laws ;
Drive them from hill and glen !
Fire every cot !
All that makes noble men
Gaels have forgot.
Ochon ! Ochon ! for the Gael.

LEAVE ME STILL MY HIGHLAND COT.

Oh, leave me still my Hielan' cot,
I canna, canna, frae it part ;
Tho' lowly, 'tis a sacred spot,
An' ever dear unto my heart ;
'Twas here I dwelt a happy bride,
My bairnies 'neath its roof were born ;
'Twas a' my hame, my joy, an' pride,
An' maun I frae its peace be torn ?

Oh, leave me still my Hielan' cot,
'Twas aye the fairest on the earth !
When sorrow crowned my humble lot,
My tears hae aft bedewed its hearth ;
When Death's cauld shade opprest me sair
An' left me widowed and forlorn,
It seemed a shrine to love the mair,
An' maun I frae its ties be torn ?

Oh, cruel stranger why destroy
 A lonely widow's lowly hame?
It canna, canna, bring ye joy,
 To ken her tears will curse your name;
My hair is grey, an' dim my e'e,
 My years ye maunna lichtly scorn,
Oh, leave it! leave it, till I dee,
 I maunna frae my cot be torn!

ALASTAIR'S WOOING.

O'ER the hill, Alastair! over to Mary,
Lone in her cot she is waiting for you,
Why do you linger? O! why do you tarry?
Love cannot spare what is ever its due;
Havé ye the flower of the valley deserted?
Can ye thus leave her to sorrow a prey?
Donald is coming, he'll woo her leal-hearted,
Alastair! Alastair! up and away.

Weep not my Mary, cried Donald in sadness,
Eyes so bewitching should never shed tears,
Give me the welcome that fills me with gladness,
Give me the smile that will banish my fears;
What tho' bold Alastair leaves ye forever,
Take ye a heart which has loved but your own;
Proud of my Mary, forgetting her never,
Life shall be happy with love on our throne.

Alastair ! Alastair ! Donald has won her ;
 Soon from her bosom your mem'ry will fade ;
All that is noble in love, truth, and honor,
 Gladdens the heart of the sweet Highland Maid.
Alastair ! Alastair ! Hark ! in the valley
 Pipers are playing to dancers with pride ;
Matrons and maidens with loving shouts rally
 To welcome brave Donald and Mary his bride.

HARK! FROM YON GLEN.

HARK! from yon glen the pibroch's sound

Comes loudly swelling on the wind ;

See gallant clansmen swiftly bound,

And leave their lowly homes behind.

It is their chieftain's battle call ;

His banner proudly waves on high ;

Around its folds they gather all—

It is their star of victory!

They come! they come! the war notes stream,

And wild and far the clansmen cry ;

They come! they come! their claymores gleam ;

For love they fight, for love they die.

The mountains know their children go ;

The grey mists hide each hoary crest ;

And leaping streamlets joyless flow

With songs of sorrow in each breast ;

The peace that robed their bonnie glen
Is broken now by shouts of grief,
And mothers mourn the lads and men
Who gather round their dauntless chief.
They come ! they come ! the war notes stream, &c.

Ah ! will they home return again ?
Will none sleep in some lonely grave ?
Whate'er their fate, without a stain,
They live and die as clansmen brave.
'Tis theirs to go where duty calls ;
'Tis theirs to do, where'er they are ;
Come foe ! come death ! no fear appals
The clansmen led by victory's star.
They go ! they go ! while war notes stream, &c.


TOUCH NOT THE TARTAN.

O ! TOUCH not the tartan our forefathers cherished,
Destroy not the emblem they fought in of yore ;
Though chieftains and clansmen forever have perished,
O ! leave us the badge which in honor they wore.

Alas ! though the might of the Highlands is broken,
Still dear to our hearts is their glorious fame ;
The tartan ! the tartan ! we love as the token
Of men who were noble in deed and in name.

O ! touch not the tartan, 'tis honored in story,
Old Caledon's heroes beneath it have bled ;
How often, on terrible battlefields gory,
Hath victory followed where Highlanders led !

From ties which are sacred, O ! who shall us sever ?
The garb of tradition alone we shall wear ;
The tartan ! the tartan ! we'll part from it never—
'Tis ours as a birthright and by it we swear.



O ! touch not the tartan, as Gaels we'll retain it,
A vile foreign garment we'll manfully spurn ;
No cowards are we, so we'll bravely maintain it,
While love, pride, and worth in a Highlander burn.

Arise ye bold Campbells ! ye Camerons rally !
Ye Gordons and Sutherlands rush to the van !
Arise in your thousands from mountain and valley—
Your slogan, the tartan and name of your clan !

WHA'LL DAUR THE MEN.

WHA'LL daur the men frae hill and glen,
In a' their tartan glory ?
Wha'll stan' before the braid claymore,
Whan drawn for freedom's story ?
Their hearts are leal, an' true as steel,
The lasses a' adore them ;
An' foemen flee whane'er they see
The mountaineers before them ;
Sae blaw, pipers, blaw ! they never rin awa ;
Wae to the loons wha will daur them !
O, blaw, pipers, blaw ! they never yield ava' ;
Tartans forever ! wha can waur them ?

The pibroch dear soun's lang and clear,
The din o' war defyin' ;
Its welcome notes frae mountain throats
In wild hurrahs replyin'.

Nae cowards there ! wi' fearless stare
 They grip their blades fu' rarely,
An' thro' a fae will cleave their way
 To dance wi' victory fairly ;
 Sae blaw, pipers, blaw ! they never rin awa, &c.

Like native rocks 'gainst tempest shocks,
 They stan' defiant, darin' ;
Their country's name, her deeds an' fame,
 They guard wi' love unsparin' ;
The battle fires o' warrior sires
 Will lea' their bosoms never,
Nor bluid nor death can quench the faith
 Which brings them laurels ever ;
 Sae blaw, pipers, blaw ! they never rin awa, &c.

OUR OLD CROWN.

AH! me, is this oor Scottish croon,

Sae dowie, cauld, an' dead?

Is this the emblem that has boun'

A Stuart's royal head?

I mark its gems, alas! their rays

Are reft o' beauty a',

The joyous licht o' bygane days

For ever is awa.

Oor auld Scots croon, oor ain auld croon

Lies now in death's repose;

Nae mair 'twill shed its radiance roun'

A Scottish monarch's brows.

It tells o' Scotland's storied fame,

It tells o' Scotland's woes;

It brings to Scottish hearts the name

An' memory o' her foes.

The glorious deeds o' faithers bauld,

On mony a battle-field,
Cling roun' it wi' a charm untauld,
An' stan' its sacred shield.
Oor auld Scots croon, oor ain auld
croon, &c.

Oh! aften in the far-aff years,
Ere Scotland's ain had fled,
Hae mony, mony burnin' tears
Been owre the symbol shed.
The spirits o' a martial race
In sadness hover roun',
An' fondly guard the gloomy place
Where lies oor auncient croon.
Oor auld Scots croon, oor ain auld
croon, &c.

DONALD GORM.

O! WHA sae braw as ane I ken !
O! wha sae true an' lichtsome ever !
There's nane e'er trod sweet Garry's glen
Sae gallant as my bonnie lover ;
His hair is o' the gowden glint,
His een are o' the hue o' heaven,
His cheeks are o' the heather tint,
An' O! his voice my peace has riven.
 But Donal' Gorm has won my heart,
 Donal' Gorm o' Invergarry ;
 Vowed has he we'll never part,
 Vowed has he to wed his Mary.

Fu' aft I sigh, fu' aft I fret,
I'm loth to lea' our theekit shielin' ;
I'm wae to lea' my mither, yet
My Donal's love owrecomes the feelin'.

Wi' love alane my heart he stole,
An' for my ain I gat anither ;
I'm no mysel', but I maun thole
Until oor hearts are wed thegither.

O ! Donal' Gorm has won my heart, &c.

ON THE HILLS.

I LOVE the hills! the giant hills,
Where never a sound is heard
Save the soft, sad songs of the purling rills,
Or cry of a wandering bird.
O, there, O, there!
In the silence rare,
My soul with rejoicing is stirred.

I love the hills! the heathery hills,
Where the wild flowers sweetly blow,
And smile at the sun, while their fragrance fills
The breath of the breezes low.
O, there, O, there!
I banish life's care,
And moments of pleasure I know.

I love the hills! the sombre hills,
In silvery moonbeams drest,

Where the curlew pipes his sorrowful trills
From his lonely, distant nest.
O, there, O, there !
In the night-hushed air,
I walk with the spirit of rest.

LOCH MAREE.

DAUGHTER of giant hills,
Nursed by a thousand rills,
Earth has no lovelier jewel than thee ;
Decked with the fairest isles,
Wreathed in the sweetest smiles,
Queen of the Highlands, O, beauteous Maree !

Slioch's majestic crest
Towers o'er thy placid breast,
Where his dark shadows eternally be ;
Down his black gorges steep,
Foaming, his torrents leap,
Singing wild songs to his gentle Maree.

Light thro' thy birchen groves,
Sacred to Highland loves,
Summer winds whisper in voices of glee ;

Rowan and mountain pine
Echo the sound divine,
Wafting their perfumes o'er blushing Maree.

Beauty's supernal charms
Dwell in thy wintry storms,
Nature's high graces are dowered to thee ;
Surely some wizard hand
Shaped thy enchanting strand,
Dear Highland fairyland, matchless Maree

COLIN CHISHOLM.

I'LL ne'er forget the nicht I spent
Wi' canty Colin Chisholm ;
As true a Gael as e'er I kent
Is pawkie Colin Chisholm ;
Sprung frae men wha proudly bore
Highland worth the country o'er,
Fu' o' ancient native lore
Is gallant Colin Chisholm.

Tho' unco auld, yet ever young
Is hardy Colin Chisholm ;
The fire o' youth in heart an' tongue
Fills noble Colin Chisholm ;
Highland wrangs he canna thole,
Highland richts inspire his soul,
Highland hopes the deeds control
O' doughty Colin Chisholm.

The Gaelic wimples like a burn
 Frae honest Colin Chisholm ;
Its sweetness gets a sweeter turn
 Frae hamely Colin Chisholm ;
A' that mak's a man a man
Dwells within his bosom gran'—
How I long to shake the han'
 O' couthie Colin Chisholm !

O ERIN ! HOW LONG ?

O ERIN ! Poor Erin, how long shalt thou languish
Beneath the vile chains that have bound thee for years ?
How long shall thy children behold with deep anguish
Their own native Erin in sorrow and tears ?
Tho' crushed by a race which is cruel and gory,
Tho' robbed of the joy that makes liberty blest,
Tho' merciless hands have bereft thee of glory,
The shout of defiance still bursts from thy breast.

O Erin ! sad Erin, how long shall thy wailing
Be heard as the echo of tyranny's ban ?
How long shall they trample, with forces unfailing,
On all that is sacred to Freedom and Man ?
Ah ! tho' thy best sons to their prisons be taken,
And soldiers surround thee with blood-seeking steel,
Thy sorrows and wrongs will for ever awaken
The fires which the noblest of patriots feel.

O Erin! dear Erin, how long shall thy sadness
Appeal unto Heaven for justice and right?
Thy darkness is long, yet the dawn of thy gladness
'Shall come unto thee with its glorious light.
'Twill come! O! 'twill come, tho' by millions retarded,
'Twill come! and the visions thy martyred ones saw,
Shall shine in the beauty of suffering rewarded,
When Freedom is heard in thy—Erin-go-bragh!

EYEMOUTH ;
OR, AFTER THE STORM.

GAILY to sea with the wind blowing fair,
Out from the harbour the boats went away ;
Blessings went with them, and many a prayer
Followed their path o'er the ocean grey.
 Singing and laughing,
 Jesting and wiling,
Were heard in the village that stands by the shore ;
 Mothers were joyous,
 Children were smiling,
Happiness lightened each fisherman's door.

Swiftly a gale from the northward came down,
And the waves hissed death thro' their lips of foam,
And the black clouds gloomed with a deadly frown,
As the boats made sail for their harbour-home.

Watching and waiting,
Hoping and fearing,
Now silent the village that stands by the shore !
Mothers were praying,
Children were peering
Out on the waves from each fisherman's door.

Hark ! from the crowd a wild shriek peals afar,
Boat after boat is descried thro' the rack,
Boat after boat strikes the rocks on the bar,
And fathers and sons, oh ! will never come back :
Weeping and wailing,
Sobbing and sighing,
Are heard in the village that stands by the shore ;
Widows are mourning,
Orphans are crying,
Sorrow is darkling each fisherman's door.

TO W. H.

CANNES.

HERE in the wintry North there is one heart
That ever thinks upon the constant friend,
Who by the shores where Peace and Beauty blend
Serenely dwells, far from the busy mart
And sounding clangour of Trade's battle-art ;
Yet, tho' afar from scenes of strife and care,
A humble henchman pours this earnest prayer,
Which of his being is a daily part :—
Ye soft, south winds blow gently o'er his head,
Ye sunny skies smile ever on his home,
Ye limpid waters sing your sweetest song,
Around his feet, O ! Heaven your offerings spread,
And give to him where'er he seeks to roam
Those choicest gifts which health and strength
prolong.

CRAGSIDE.

BOLD-BREASTED, blue-browed, rugged, pine-clad
heights,

Decked in the purple garb of heather bells,
O'erlooking many tree-embowered dells
Where bashful cuckoos pipe their love-lorn plights :
A gentle stream, whose murmuring invites
Yon patient angler to restrain his line,
And listen to its melody divine
That mounts to heaven, and his soul delights :
A dreamy village, which in silence lies
Save when the old church bell, in notes of fear,
Tells the old story with a timid chime
That 'mid the crags in sighing sweetness dies,
As if afraid to mar the peace which here
Broods o'er the scene as it began with Time.

FINCHALE ABBEY.

I STALK 'mid Finchale's ruins, which of old
Heard the sweet chants of holy men who trod
Its sacred aisles as servitors of God,
And brought the rude Northumbrian warriors bold
Unto a knowledge of Christ's peaceful fold ;
Far down the distant years my fancy sees
A beauteous pile reared 'mid umbrageous trees
By hands whose toil was purchased not by gold.
Yet 'twas in vain ; Time and man's bigot faith
Have torn the beauty from the fabric now,
And left it crumbling on its natal spot.
O unrelenting Time ! thy law is death :
Men rear great fanes to God with pride, but thou
Dookest their works and names to be forgot.

ON SEEING A LARK'S NEST ON A GRAVE.

SONGSTER of Heaven ! Oh ! be not thus distrest,
Why cower with fluttering wing upon the ground,
Chirping Fear's notes with agonizing sound ?
What though I view thy lowly, cosy nest,
Amid the grave-grass o'er a maiden's breast—
I will not harm it. Thou perchance hast been
A joy unto her heart ere life's last scene
Had passed into its everlasting rest ;
When thou wert warbling in the sunny skies,
Thy lays her dying moments may have cheered,
Or soothed her dread thoughts of the lonely grave ;
And now, when silent she for ever lies,
Above her thou thy little home hast reared
And singest still the songs which comfort gave.

STRENGTH.

A POPULACE contented is the stay
And strongest bulwark of the noblest crown ;
But Discontent's vast forces can bring down
A mighty empire's steel-supported sway,
And wreck its greatness in a single day ;
Whoso makes laws to satisfy the few,
Denies pale Justice her divinest due,
And brings a nation nearer to decay.
But he who would a nation strengthen most,
Roots out the interests which weakness cause,
And braves all storms of hate and fury blent
To win the people's love at every cost ;
A patriot statesman he who frames his laws
To give the greatest measure of content.

WEAKNESS.

THE People's Cause shall triumph in the end,
No matter what the powers 'gainst it arrayed,
Or howsoever for a time delayed ;
Force never is the legislator's friend,
Or guardian of the liberties which tend
To make a nation truly great or wise ;
It is the foe of Justice, in it lies
The errors which great men love to amend.
The wrongs of years shall blossom and bring forth
The fruits which must be eaten by the men
Who fear to rule aright, and choose to stand
On played-out Policy of bygone worth,
Which suited feudalism and serfdom when
Dark Ignorance was rampant in the land.

POPULARITY.

THE idol of to-day, to-morrow may
Be shattered by the once be-praising crowd
With imprecations terrible and loud,
And all his glory, all his former sway,
Be rooted out and ever cast away
From those who worshipped loudest at his shrine,
And deemed his powers and himself divine,
Yea, at his feet in blind submission lay.
The people's bias is a fickle thing,
'Tis love to-day, to-morrow it is hate ;
And 'neath its seeming steadfast noonday sun
The laurels it had grown take speedy wing,
Leaving its creature to a hapless fate,
Unpitied, scorned, unhonoured, and undone.

AULD SCOTLAND'S LYRE.

LYRE o' my country's micht,
Joy o' my darkest nicht—
What ! are ye sangless and mould'rin' awa' ?
Tho' ancient an' hoary,
Still dear is your story,
Oh ! deathless your glory tho' noo on the wa'.

Aft ha'e your notes o' war
Rung owre the earth afar,
Firin' cauld breists wi' your Liberty's glow—
Then, as a tempest surge,
Men wi' the sword and targe,
Rushin' wi' Victory's charge, conquered each foe.

Saft ! like a voice above,
Sweet cam' your notes o' love,
Lasses an' Lads felt your vow-bringin' spell ;
Piercin' wi' blissfu' stoun',
Hearts couldna' thole the soun',
Hinnied was ilka tune nocht could excel.

Sair ! sair was your wailin'
When dool was prevailin',
Tears seemed to fa' frae each wae-soundin' string ;
Mournin' for them awa',
Doon in the silent ha',
Sadly your sorrow-ca', sabbin' wad bring.

Tho' noo ye are hingin',
Wi' dust to ye clingin',
Braw are the garlands aroun' ye arrayed ;
Buskit by lovers gane,
Bonnie their flow'rs remain,
Ne'er shall their beauty wane, ne'er shall they fade.


Wi' joy noo I'll kiss ye,
O ! aye will I bless ye,
Lyre o' Auld Scotland, your name I adore ;
Tenty your chords I'll sweep,
Lichtly my han's will leap,
Come, frae your bosom deep, sing as o' yore.

GLOAMIN'S FA' !

THE summer sun is sinkin' low,
The clouds in golden glory glow,
An' westlin' breezes saftly blow,

 In gentle gloamin's fa', Jean ;
The windin' Coquet glints alang,
The ferny haughs an' braes amang,
An' sweetly sounds its silvery sang
 In tender gloamin's fa', Jean.

The linties warble in the dells,
The bees forsake the heather bells,
The lambkins slumber on the fells,
 In couthie gloamin's fa', Jean ;
Sae, lassie, let us wile the hour
That gives to love its witchin' power,
The lonely hills we'll wander owre
 In mellow gloamin's fa', Jean.



We'll bid farewell to warldly care,
We'll tak' o' love a glorious share,
An' oh ! we'll be a happy pair,
 In lovin' gloamin's fa', Jean ;
Sae, by yon moon that shows her e'e,
An' by the stars that shine sae hie,
Our love will never, never dee
 While hearts loe gloamin's fa', Jean !

SITTIN' AT THE WHEEL.

THE laverock has sung his last lilt to his dearie,

An' saft is the fa' o' the gloamin's calm hour ;

The cushat has croodled his melody eerie,

An' joy has departed frae ilka wee flow'r ;

Tho' Nature's nicht beauty is gladsome an' cheery,

Tho' darkness is mellowed wi' love's tender e'e,

I sit at my wheel wi' a heart sad an' weary,

An' sigh for my laddie, far, far owre the sea.

I sit at my wheel, but I spin na sae slichtly,

I seem to be dazed wi' a dream in my heid ;

My fingers are doitit an' feedna sae lichtly,

I kenna what's wrang wi' the 'oo or the threid ;

My mither aft tells me to lauch an' be sprichtly,

But cauld is the smile when the heart is ajee ;

The joys that I felt when love's mornin' shone brightly

Hae gane wi' my laddie, far, far owre the sea.

The joys that I felt are like sorrows, aye burnin',
An' fill me wi' anguish that kens nae relief ;
Love reft o' its love is a season o' mournin',
An' naething can banish its lingerin' grief ;
Gane are my dreams aince my slumbers adornin',
Hope comes wi' the dawn, in the gloamin' to dee ;
Surely the love-licht, sae lang in returnin',
Will dawn when my laddie comes hame unto me.

POOR POLLY OF EYEMOUTH.*

O, WILLIE the fisherman loved his wee Poll
As well as he loved his ain life!
Her prattle, tho' ever auld-fashioned an' droll,
Was a plague to Euphy his wife ;
Poor Polly loved Willie wi' pleasure untold,
An' fed frae his hand like a wean ;
Tho' aften she spak like a sage or a scold,
Her Willie aye laughed at her strain.

* A touching incident is mentioned in connection with the loss of William Nisbet, skipper of the Forget-me-Not, of Eyemouth, during the terrible gale of October 14th, 1881. The deceased had a parrot, which, under his tuition, attained a remarkable proficiency in picking up and repeating words and phrases spoken in its hearing, and one of the last things Nisbet did was to write to Berwick for a fresh supply of the bird's favourite food—Indian corn. Since the loss of Nisbet the parrot has appeared quite downcast, and preserved an almost unbroken silence, as if it comprehended something of the grief with which it was surrounded. The day after his funeral, however, its silence was broken, and throughout the day it kept repeating “Euphy, Willie's awa' noo, Willie's awa' noo,”—“Euphy” (Euphemia) being the sorrowing widow of the deceased.

O, Polly's cage hung by the wee window wa',
An' she watched the boats gaun to sea !
When Willie's gaed out she wad dolefully ca',—
 " Come back ! Willie, Willie, to me ! "
Then Euphy wad soothe her wi' words o' guid cheer,
 But cheerless an' silent was she ;
Demurely she sat on her perch, while a tear
 Swam bright in her bonnie black e'e.

Come mornin's first streaks Polly wistfully scanned
 The cauld, heavin' breist o' the main,
An' cried when she saw the boats makin' the land,—
 " Rise Euphy ! here's Willie again ! "
She capered an' roared like a child wi' a toy,
 She poured out the haill o' her lore ;
An' flaffed her braw wings in her daftness o' joy,
 When Willie came in at the door.

Ae day Willie bade his poor Polly guid-bye,
 An' out frae the harbour set sail ;
Alas ! frae the heart o' a dark lowerin' sky
 Death rode on the wings o' a gale ;

An' Willie the fisher, wi' mony men mair,
Was ta'en by the sea frae them a' ;
His Polly, heart-broken, noo cries unco sair,—
“ Poor Euphy ! our Willie's awa'.”

ELLENGOWAN.

NOW rosy autumn dwines awa',
The leaf has withered on the tree ;
An' comin' winter's surly blaw
Has darkened ilka flow'ret's e'e ;
An' waes my heart, our cot is lane,
Auld lichtfu' joys nae mair I pree ;
I weary sair, for Jamie's gane
Frae Ellengowan's braes an' me.

My faither says my cheek is pale,
My mither tries to mak' me glad,
Ah me ! their words o' comfort fail
To cheer me wi' a heart sae sad.
I greet when win's in sadness blaw
Their dolefu' whispers frae the sea ;
I sigh an' fear for him awa'
Frae Ellengowan's braes an' me.

But I maun thole ilk weary day,
An' love's sair dool an' sorrow bear ;
Frae mornin's dawn to gloamin' grey,
My Jamie is my only prayer.
Blaw saft, ye winds, he's a' my ain—
O, for my sake your smilin's gie ;
Blaw fair, an' waft him hame again
To Ellengowan's braes an' me !

LASSIE, THOU ART FAIR.

LASSIE, thou art fair to me,
Lassie, thou art dear to me,
Dear an' fair, what want I mair
To mak' this earth a heaven to me?
Virtue's croon is on thy broo,
Love gleams frae thy sparklin' e'e;
Sweetness decks thy bonnie mou'—
O! lassie thou art a' to me.


Summer joys are fair to me,
Tender flowers are dear to me,
Dear an' fair, I a' can spare
If thou art near to gladden me.
Beauty's sel' an' soul art thou,
Life an' licht an' hope to me;
Lovin' thus I bauldly vow
I carena for this world a flee.

MINA'S LAMENT.

*Ah ! Jamie, ye hae wrecked the heart
O' bonnie Mina, guid an' true ;
For a' your fause deceivin' art,
A curse will ever ye pursue.*

THE mony years we baith had wooed
Will ever in my heart remain ;
The mony years we baith had lo'ed
Hae left me nocht but sorrow's pain.
Ye vowed me by the Name divine,
I pledged my troth to ye alane,
Nae heart could love ye mair than mine,
But noo my love an' hope are gane.

Ye named to me the weddin' day
When I should be your happy bride ;
My bridal brows were made fu' gay,
My plenishin' I gat wi' pride ;



Your heart was fause tho' words were fair,
Anither lass had taen your e'e;
Oh! may she never, never bear
The wrang that ye hae dune to me!

Sae fare-ye-weel, but ne'er forget
Ye've robbed sweet Mina's life o' joy;
Her mony tears will chide ye yet,
An' roun' your heart will ever lie;
Tho' I forgi'e your cruel deed,
There's Ane abune wha wrang repays;
His wrath will fa' upon your heid,
An' blight your fancied happy days.

CAMPERDOWN.

THE sun has left his robes wi' glee
To hap yon tender infant mune ;
An' gloamin' ope's its pawkie e'e,
To shed its lovely glances roun' ;
Sae, bonnie lassie come wi' me,
We'll wander frae the roarin' toon,
Ae hour o' calm fu' blithe we'll pree
Amang the woods o' Camperdoon.

Awa' wi' care ! awa' wi' toil !
Awa' wi' a' that chills the heart !
Alane wi' thee an' Fancy's guile
Is bliss frae which I canna part.
Thy gentle voice, thy winnin' smile,
Thy sparklin' e'e o' hazel broon,
Will tell o' love's entrancin' wile
Amang the woods o' Camperdoon.

The lav'rock sings abune wi' pride,
 His love-lilt fills the wonderin' skies ;
 The cushat croons unto his bride,
 An' sweet his lowly notes arise ;
 But wi' thee, lassie, by my side,
 My heart its love for thee shall croon,
 An' joy shall wi' us baith abide,
 Amang the woods o' Camperdoon.

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MARY O' CLAVERHOUSE.

Mary o' Claverhouse ken ye I'm comin' ?

Ken ye my heart's beatin' only for thee ?

Joy o' ilk mornin', dear licht o' ilk gloamin',

By the auld castle, O Mary, meet me !

A LONE lintie sat on a branch o' gowd broom,

An' plaintively warbled its low dowie trills ;

Despairin' it sang as the nicht's saftered gloom

Lay doon on the tap o' the broon Sidlaw hills.

Ye gowd-breastit birdie, what mak's ye sae sad ?

Why sing ye sae eerie in gloamin's sweet truce ?

The hour o' your sorrow is mine to be glad,

For I maun meet Mary by grey Claverhouse.

The lintie may maen whan the sun gangs to rest,

But oh ! it will loup whan he waukens to shine ;

Our hearts are the same 'neath love's longin' unrest,

The dawn for its wooin', the gloamin' for mine ;

Ah, ken ye lone singer, your mornin's sweet joys
Noo dwell in my bosom an' pleasure produce ?
My liltin's o' hope will unfettered arise,
Whan gaun to meet Mary by auld Claverhouse.

Ah ! birdie, how few are our moments o' bliss,
They come but to mock us, they winna stay lang;
We pree their short sweetness o' pure happiness,
To feel whan they lea' us their memory's stang ;
Sing on your lamentin's, they're tellin' to me—
Tho' visions o' joy mak' me happy an' crouse—
That soon I'll be sad, wi' the tear in my e'e,
Whan leavin' my Mary o' dear Claverhouse.

THE CUSHIE DOO.

O! LONE is my heart since my Sandie departed

Awa' frae the clachan whaur aye we had been!

Sae dowie an' lichtless an' maist broken-hearted,

I silently wander frae mornin' till e'en.

Ilk dawn brings me sorrow, nicht brings me nae
healin',

I'm dazed wi' the thocht, if to me he is true,

I sigh whan I hear in the nicht-silence stealin'

The sad-soundin' wail o' the lone cushie doo.'

Cushie doo! cushie doo! bird o' gloamin' sae
eerie,

Cease your sad croonin', it bodes me despair;

Cushie doo! cushie doo! are ye mournin' my
dearie?

Say, will he come back to his lassie aince mair?

The clear rowin' Annan nae mair gi'es me pleasure,

Its saft gentle murmur seems noo a deid-cry;

Wee flow'rets, that aft were my joy-bringin' treasure,
Hing doon their wee heids as I pass them a' by ;
Nae lustre o' love frae my dark e'e is breakin',
My cheeks, aince sae rosy, are lily-pale noo ;
I'm pinin' awa', for I think I'm forsaken,
Whan peals the strange sang o' the lone cushie doo.
Cushie doo ! cushie doo ! bird o' gloamin' sae
eerie, &c.

Oh, love ! weary love ! why my bosom tormentin' ?
Why kill me with anguish that knows no relief ?
I canna, I canna endure the lamentin'
O' memories that ever consume me with grief.
Ah ! naething can cheer me ; my heart is o'erladen
Wi' sadness that blights a' the hopes I aince knew ;
I greet as in pity the "Fare-ye-weel maiden,"
Seems heard in the cry o' the lone cushie doo.
Cushie doo ! cushie doo ! bird o' gloamin' sae
eerie, &c.

THE SONG O' THE MILL LASS.

*Oh! Virtue lights a humble hame, an' cheers a lowly heart,
An' Life untouched wi' ocht o' shame is Honor's noblest part :
A croon may deck a lassie's heid an' joy her bosom fill,
E'en tho' she wins her claes an' breid by toilin' in a mill.*

My faither died when I was young,
My mither toiled for bairnies three,
Her mony tears frae sorrow wrung,
Were aye a waefu' sicht to see.
I kissed her aye when she cam' in,
An' cheered her wi' a lovin' smile,
I tried to grow that I micht win
Some wages to relieve her toil.

In early morn she gaed awa',
The hoose was left alane to me,
I washed an' dressed my sisters twa,
An' watched them a' the day wi' glee;

I kept them snod, I kept them clean,
Their weary hours I'd aye beguile ;
We longed to hear the bells at e'en
Ring out, "your mammy comes frae toil."

My mither pined, an' breid was scant,
Our hopes were growin' cauld an' dark ;
To keep us a' frae waur than want
Wi' mickle joy I gaed to wark.
I work for love an' do my best
To soothe each hamely care an' ill ;
I'm happy, Oh ! my life is blest,
Tho' but a lassie in a mill !

ON BALGAY.

THERE lives a lad I lo'e
 'Yont Balgay ;
His e'e is bonnie blue,
His cheek o' rosy hue,
He vowed me he'll be true,
 'Yont Balgay.

Flowers bloom sae sweet and fair
 'Yont Balgay ;
Its leafy shades are rare,
An' gloamin'-courtin' there
Aye gars me wish for mair
 'Yont Balgay.

I gae my heart awa'
 'Yont Balgay.
The happy day will daw

Whan croose I'll proudly craw,—
"Nae mair we will be twa
'Yont Balgay."

We'll think on moments spent
'Yont Balgay ;
We'll live an' ne'er repent,
We'll feast on Love's content,
Syne sleep when a' is kent
On Balgay.*

* Balgay Hill, a beautifully wooded eminence, lies a little to the west of Dundee : although lately converted into a cemetery it is a favorite spot for lovers. On its slopes rests the dust of GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THE PRIDE O' MY HEARTH.

I HAE my ain lass an' she's a' thing to me,
Her lauch is aye winnin' an' bricht,
An' kind is the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
Her voice is a fount o' delicht ;
Oh ! a' wad be nocht gin it werena for love,
My joy wad be burdened wi' care,
My Hope wad be fause baith below an' above,
I'd live in a howff o' despair.
She's the pride o' my hearth an' the licht o' my
hame,
A star ever shinin' serene ;
O ! tak ye the warl wi' its riches an' fame,
But leave me my ain wifie Jean.

She lives but to mak' me aye happy an' prood,
An' cheers me when tired wi' my toil ;
She kens that the heart o' a man will be guid
When soothed wi' a true wifie's smile ;

She doats on her bairnies an' keeps them aye braw,

She pleases them aye wi' new ploys,

An' gently amang them her couthie words fa',

Sae hame is a heaven o' joys.

She's the pride o' my hearth an' the licht o' my
hame, &c.

Oh! what is a man gin he hasna a wife,

Whose soul is a pairt o' his ain?

Forever in shadow he wanders through life

An' seeks for its beauties in vain ;

His face may be smilin', but doon in his heart

A cauld livin' sorrow aye lies,

He longs for a voice fu' o' sympathy's art

To cherish an' tenderly prize.

O! I hae a lass, she's the licht o' my hame, &c.

LAUCH, BAIRNIES !

LAUCH, my bonnie bairnies ! mak' a mickle din,
Oot wi' a' your merriment, dinna keep it in ;
Roun' the house ! on the floor ! row an' roar wi' glee,
Youth maun hae its capers oot ; sae dinna care for me.

Roar awa' ! lauch awa' !

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cheerin' to your daddie's heart your lauchin' faces
wee.

Lauch, my bonnie bairnies ! fling your books awa',
Joy alane maun fill the neuks o' ilka headie sma' ;
But an' ben ! up an' doon ! mak' the house your ain,
Sense will come wi' comin' years, an' teach ye lessons
fain.

Shout awa' ! roar awa' !

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sweeter to be lauchin' aye than greetin' sair wi' pain.

Lauch, my bonnie bairnies! Pree your mornin' sweets,
Better wearin' little shoon than mammy's linen sheets ;
In an' oot ! a' about ! let your revels rise,
Blossoms maun be oot in spring, an' beauty quickly
dies.

Ring awa' ! fling awa' !

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Little angels watch ye frae their hame ayont the skies.

Lauch, my bonnie bairnies ! Ye to us are given,
To lichten up the fireside, to mak' oor hame a heaven ;
Loup an' rin ! mak' a din ! pour your pleasure forth,
A' your little voices mak' a cheery, cheery hearth.

Lauch awa' ! shout awa' !

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Blessin's on your happy hearts, ye sunnYGems o' earth !

DAWTIE DOO.

WHA awned the bonnie bairnie wi' the curly yellow
hair,

Wi' scarce a dud upon her an' her little feetie
bare?

Her een were sad and thochtfu', an' nae smile was on
her mou',

O! tell me what they ca'd the lam'. They ca'd her
Dawtie Doo.

Puir, bonnie Dawtie never kent a mither's lovin'
care,

And never felt a mither's han' or heard a mither's
prayer;

Her faither was a drucken coof, an' aye when he was
fu',

A little angel watched him hame;—'twas bonnie
Dawtie Doo.

He left her ilka morn alane, an' cam' na hame till
e'en,

Her nest was in a garret room whaur licht was scarcely
seen ;

Her little heart was like to brak, she couldna think it
true

That he had nae affection for his bonnie Dawtie
Doo ;

She kent that she belanged to him, she kent there
should be ane

To wash her face, an' comb her hair, an' keep her
haill an' clean,

She kent there was some awfu' wrang, syne grat an'
wondered hoo

There was nae mammy left to love her bonnie Dawtie
Doo.

She wandered thro' the Overgate amang the snaw an'
frost,

Oh ! few had pity on her look or heard her waefu'
hoast ;

The neebors whyles gae her a piece, an' whyles they
stroked her broo ;

'Twas a' the love that cheered the heart o' bonnie
Dawtie Doo.

Her little voice ae day was hushed ; maist like an early
flow'r

She withered 'neath the unco cauld ; syne a' her tears
were owre.

Upon a little mound there grows a tender violet
blue,

Beneath, anither blossom sleeps in bonnie Dawtie
Doo.

THE WEE BURN.

WHAUR hae ye come frae, wee bonnie burn ?

Whaur did ye learn sic a tune ?

I come frae the breist o' yon mountain brown,

An' my sang comes frae abune ;

Whaur did ye get sic a tender lay

That pierces my bosom thro' ?

I hae come frae the e'e o' the heather bell,

An' I've kissed the bluebell's mou'.

Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a merry lauch

An' the voice o' a joyous bairn ?

I hae touched the heart o' the white moss-rose,

An' played wi' the maiden-fern ;

Whaur did ye get sic a wailin' soun',

Like a broken-hearted cry ?

I hae washed the girse by the auld kirkyard

Whaur my lovers mould'rin' lie.

Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a fearfu' note
That seems like the risin' win' ?
I hae heard the groans o' deein' men
An' the rush o' battle din ;
Whaur did ye get sic a cheerfu' look
An' a voice o' holy glee ?
I ken I maun lie in my Faither's loof
For a' eternitie.
Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

THE PRIMROSE.

PUIR little Primrose ! pale-cheekit Primrose !

Why are ye droopin' your bonnie wee head ?

Gane is your smilin', sae winsome an' wilin',

Gane is the beauty ye silently shed.

Ah ! in your spring-time, when timid an' tender,

Fondly I nursed ye wi' true lover-care ;

Proudly ye blossomed in bright golden splendour,

Cheerin' my heart wi' your innocence rare.

Puir fadin' Primrose ! low-lyin' Primrose !

Why are ye lookin' sae sair at the earth ?

Say, are ye viewin' the hame o' your ruin ?

Ken ye that a' gangs to whaur it had birth ?

'Twas but yestreen in the gloamin' I kissed ye,

Joyous I saw the love-licht in your e'e ;

Sweetly ye smiled on the hand that caressed ye,

Tellin' a story o' pleasure to me.

Dear fadin' Primrose ! wee deein' Primrose !

Wha has bereft ye o' simmer sae soon ?

Oh ! they were cruel to crush ye, my jewel,

An' leave ye to pine in the sunbeams o' June.

Little they kent, when your stem they had broken,

Ane o' my freen's has been ta'en frae my heart ;

Owre ye, my Primrose, this tear is a token

O' sorrow for joys that aye come to depart.

YARROW HEATHER.

A RETROSPECT.

I wandered o'er the Border hills
In wakening summer's sunny weather,
'Mong mossy haughs, and purling rills,
And bonnie Yarrow's mountain heather.
The flowers rejoiced in summer glee,
And flung their sweets to one another ;
But ah ! they seemed to pity me,
In search of rest 'mong Yarrow's heather.

The shy cuckoos, with notes of joy,
Sang out their lonely loves together ;
And wanton whaups, with doleful cry,
Were heard among the Yarrow heather.
I banished then my battle care,
With all its toiling fash and swither ;
Above my head the skies were fair,
Below my feet the Yarrow heather.

My soul arose to purer life,
And, freed from thoughts which beauty wither,
It bade farewell to worldly strife
Among the blooming Yarrow heather.
Farewell ! sweet Yarrow's winding stream,
Thy beauties vie with any other ;
Though far from thee, I fondly dream
Upon thy vale and bonnie heather.

YE OLD OWL

ANE BALLADE

O ! AN old owl sat on an old oak tree—

Tu whit ! Tu whoo !

And a wise old fellow I ween was he—

Tu whit ! Tu whoo !

He winked with delight as the gloaming sped,

He blinked at the moon as her pale beams spread,

He looked like a sage with a thought in his head,

And in notes of dread as the moments fled,

He sang—Tu Whit ! Tu Whoo !

On the soft green sward in that oak tree's shade—

Ho ! Ho ! Woe ! Woe !

Sat a lordly youth and a simple maid—

Ho ! Ho ! Woe ! Woe !

He pledged her his troth with a vow divine,

He gave her a ring as a holy sign,

And he kissed her lips as he whispered, " Mine."

Then the old owl sang with a mournful whine,
Tu whit! Tu whoo! Woe! Woe!

O! the long, long days flew away with speed—

Ho! Ho! Woe! Woe!

And the damsel wept for the young lord's deed—

Ho! Ho! Woe! Woe!

He is wed to-night, Hark! the music sweet,

And the lights burn bright, and the hours pass fleet,

Ho! the danciers dance with the joy-winged feet,

But the old owl croaks with a ghostly bleat,

Tu whit! Tu whoo! Woe! Woe!

'Neath the old oak tree lay the damsel dead—

Ho! Ho! Woe! Woe!

And a wild, weird shriek on the night-wind sped—

Ho! Ho! Woe! Woe!

O! the old owl flew to the festive hall,

And his doleful cry smote the danciers all,

O'er the bridegroom's heart fell a deadly pall,

And his life is curst with that old owl's call—

Tu whit! Tu whoo! Woe! Woe!

JOHN DYE.

O! wha could sweep a lum

Wi' auld John Dye?

O! wha was never glum,

But auld John Dye?

His face a bonnie black,

His brush upon his back,

'Twas joy to hae a crack,

Wi' blithe John Dye.

O! wha was up sae sune

As auld John Dye?

The lark sang frae abune

On auld John Dye;

We heard his cheery "Weep,"

And loupin' frae our sleep

We aye wad tak' a peep

O' auld John Dye.

O! wha could speel a roof

Wi' auld John Dye?

O! wha was danger proof

But auld John Dye?

The highest chimney pat

He reached just like a cat,

An' wi' the kaes he'd chat,

The bauld John Dye.

Tho' soot was on the skin

O' auld John Dye,

Yet a' was clean within

Wi' auld John Dye;

His heart to a' was leal,

He was an honest chiel,

An' neebors aye spak' weel

O' gran' John Dye.

THE HILLS OF FIFE.

AWAY to the hills of Fife,
 Away to the greenwood hush,
Farewell to bustle and strife,
 Farewell to the city's rush ;
The fight of the week is o'er,
 Our weapons at peace remain,
Come, rest on the peaceful shore
 Till called to battle again.
 Away to the hills of Fife, &c.

Above us the skies are clear,
 The sun sheds a merry gleam,
The boat awaits at the pier
 To bear us over the stream ;
Tho' slaves in the bonds of toil,
 Tho' doomed to battle for bread,
We'll fly from its thrall awhile,
 And the lonely hills we'll tread
 Away to the hills of Fife, &c.

We heed not the charm of wealth,
 Its burden we do not crave,
Better the riches of health
 Than live in a golden grave.
The boat is away, we're free!
 A truce to the cares of life,
O! light shall our footsteps be
 'Mid the vales and hills of Fife.
 Away to the hills of Fife. &c.

MY AIN AULD TOON.

AWA' wi' sangs o' sunny lands,
Whaur beauty glowin' dwells,
An' crystal seas kiss golden sands
Wi' music's gentle spells ;
They may be fair, but dearer aye,
An' o' a' hames the croon,
Is ae wee spot by bonnie Tay,
My ain, my ain auld toon.
My ain auld toon, my ain auld toon,
There's aye a kindly freen' aboot
My ain auld toon.

I've wandered far 'neath Indian skies,
An' mony shores I've seen ;
Whaur myrtles wave an' palm trees rise
My footsteps aft hae been ;
Yet Nature's brightest charms were vain,
I ne'er, I ne'er could droon
The burnin' wish to tread again
My ain, my ain auld toon.

My ain auld toon, my ain auld toon,
There's aye an honest look about
My ain auld toon.

In dreams I've heard when far awa'
The dear Auld Steeple bell,
An' speeled again the lofty Law
When gloamin's shadows fell ;
But, ah ! I'd wake, an' frae my e'e
The tears cam' drappin' doon,
For aye wi' love that daurna dee,
I love my ain auld toon.
My ain auld toon, my ain auld toon,
There's aye a cheerin' charm about
My ain auld toon.

THE AULD STEEPLE.

*I sing the Auld Steeple o' Bonnie Dundee,
The auncient Auld Steeple o' Bonnie Dundee ;
'Twas ever the wonder o' childhood to me,
The gran' towerin' Steeple o' Bonnie Dundee.*

WHEN but a wee mannie,
My auld couthie grannie
Aft tauld me that hoolets, black bats, ghaists, an' kaes,
Lived up in the Steeple
To frichten bad people
An' bairnies wha grat when they gat aff their claes ;
Ah! then I aft wondered,
An' glow'red, gloomed, an' pondered
Upon the queer brute that stood guardin' the door ;
My wee heart wad thump then,
For fear it wad jump then,
An' bear me awa' wi' a terrible roar :
Ye fearfu' Auld Steeple, ye awfu' Auld Steeple !
I shak' when I think on the mem'ries o' yore.

But as I gat aulder
I somehow gat baulder,
An' years drave awa' a' your fear-givin' spells ;
I lauched at your glammers,
I searched your dark chaumers,
I sune grew to love ye, auld hame o' the bells ;
Your stair, lang an' weary,
I speeled unco cheery,
An' scanned the haill toon wi' the e'e o' a king ;
Your bells sweetly pealin',
My glory revealin',
Gae joy to my heart that nae monarch could bring :
Ye lofty Auld Steeple ! ye royal Auld Steeple !
The love ye created will roun' ye aye cling.

Though lang a wild rover,
I still was your lover,
I saw ye wherever my life-lot was cast ;
My heart was aye wi' ye,
I wearied to see ye,
I heard your loved bells as I did in the past ;
Still sturdy and sprightly,
Time touches ye lightly,

An' mony mair years ye may silently see ;
 Ye'll stand in your glory,
 Aye holy an' hoary,
An' crowned wi' the homage o' laddies like me :
 Ye solemn Auld Steeple ! ye storied Auld Steeple!
The beauty an' boast o' my Bonnie Dundee.

FLITTIN'.

OH! sair was my heart frae the auld house a-flittin',
I seemed to be partin' for aye frae a freen',
For years, by its ingle fu' cosily sittin',
My dear Scottish Musie I worshipped serene.
My sang-croonin' corner forget shall I never,
It aye was a heaven o' rest unto me ;
The bonds o' my toilin' its wilin' wad sever,
An' moments o' rapture I fondly wad pree.

The auld wa's are hallowed wi' memories gowden,
That ne'er will be dimmed till I slumber in death ;
They echoed my joys whan nae care was o'ercloudin',
An' saw me 'neath sorrow's soul-temperin' breath.
My bairnies were nursed in its wee cosie chaumers,
An' toddled about them in happiness a' ;
They rang wi' their rompin's an' wild steerie clamours,
Sae noo they aye wonder hoo we gaed awa'.

I'll cherish the auld house, tho' frae it I'm goin',
I'll gaze on't wi' feelin's o' love in my e'e;
The light o' my lyre will to strangers unknowin'
Aye shed a wee halo around it for me.
I'll dream wi' delight on its peace-givin' glory,
I'll think o' the joys that I in it hae seen;
'Twill silently tell o' a happy hame story—
The notes o' my lyre, an' the love o' my Jean.

NORMA.

DAUGHTER of my dreamings—Norma, darling,
Child of joy and love,
Dark-eyed little beauty—Norma, darling,
Gentle as a dove ;
Fondly gazing on thee—Norma, darling,
Care and trouble flee ;
Years sit lightly on me—Norma, darling,
When thou'rt on my knee.
Rosy, cosy, laughing Norma, darling,
Dancing, glancing, joyous gem,
Tattling, prattling, cuddling Norma, darling,
Star of mammy's diadem.

Sunbeam of the morning—Norma, darling,
Of my life a part,
Singing little fairy—Norma, darling,
Dwelling in my heart ;

Happy ever near thee—Norma, darling,
Prouder than a king,
All thy stories cheer me—Norma, darling,
And bright moments bring.
Rosy, cosy, laughing Norma, darling, &c.

Floweret of my flowerets—Norma, darling,
Gift of kindly Heaven ;
Ever for my angel—Norma, darling,
Hope's love-prayer is given ;
Ever I would kiss thee—Norma, darling,
Ever soothe thy fears ;
Ever I will bless thee—Norma, darling,
Happy be thy years !
Rosy, cosy, laughing Norma, darling, &c.

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

SAY, what is knowledge, wealth, or power,
On which we pin our faith, man ?
The baubles o' the passin' hour,
That vanish wi' our breath, man.
The mair we ken, we ken that we
Aye seem to ken the less, man ;
Sae a' we ken can only be
To ken our naethingness, man.

The sage may write an' point an airt
For mankind to pursue, man ;
'Tis a' in vain—the human heart
Will take some ither view, man.
For a' the books that hae been writ,
Wi' muckle thocht an' skill, man,
Say, are we better ?—No ae whit,
In kennin' guid frae ill, man.

An' poet chiels in ages gane
Sang o' a comin' day, man,
Whan peace an' unity wad reign
Amang mankind for aye, man.
Lang years hae fled since then, an' still
We haena reached that goal, man ;
Sic times will never dawn until
Love rules in every soul, man.

A' men profess to ken the guid,
An' noblest way o' life, man,
Yet strange this guid has never stood
The counterpoise to strife, man.
But what is guid, or what is ill,
Is mair than man can tell, man,—
The conscience as implantit will
Aye draw the line itsel', man.

We ken what we wad like to be,
We seek, but canna find, man,
Sae what we ken can never gie
True peace unto the mind, man.
If then a' knowledge unavails

To calm our soul's unrest, man,
Life is a circumstance which fails
To mak' us guid or blest, man.

GAUN HAME.

Now sinks the sun owre Sidlaw Hill,
A lingerin' glory lights its crest,
The laverock seeks its lonely nest,
An' a' is still.

Open the winnock! let the breath
O' virgin, blossom-scented spring
Blaw on my throbbin' brow; 'twill bring
A calm to death.

Sune, sune I'll now frae a' depart,
Still I am happy, for abune
They ken I hae my duty dune
Wi' a' my heart.

I loved the warl' an' a' its ties,
But wi' a deep an' untauld joy,
I aye clung to the warl' on high,
Far yont the skies.

Oor bairns are up, an' far awa',
Lang lanely years we baith hae led,
But Hope an' Love aye closer wed

Oor ainsel's twa.

I ken for me ye'll grieve an' greet,
An' mourn your dark an' joyless lot,
But trust in Him wha fails us not,

Again we'll meet.

Guidman sit doon, now read to me
Frae oot the Faimly Bible auld,
O' Him wha taks us to the fauld

Whan gaun to dee.

Read o' the life ayont the grave,
Revealed by His Eternal Sign—
The Galilean youth divine

Wha a' can save.

"I go, an' will a place prepare."
Hoo gran! I dinna fear to dee
Whan He Himsel' will welcome me,

Wi' angels fair.

Now lay the Bible on my breist,

A licht steals owre my soul ; I hear
Some strange, sweet voices singin' clear,—
Hush ! a' is blest.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARGARET DICKSON. JANUARY 16TH, 1879.

THE deathfu' mune sped o'er heaven's starry arc,
The wintry clouds cuist doon their snawy gifts,
The keen, cauld win' howled on athwart the lifts,
An' a' on earth was dark.

A mither lay within a humble hame,
In a' the dreamfu' beauty o' a child,
An' calmly sweet she spak' o' rest, an' smiled
As death's dread whisper came.

Tho' seventy years o' care an' warldly strife
Had left their imprint on her lovely broo—
Tho' mony joy-gems clung wi' radiant hue
Aroun' her mither life—

She bore nae clingin' to the sweets o' earth,
Nae tears o' partin' frae her bricht een stole,
Resigned to God, she felt wi' bliss her soul
Glide to its better birth.

A woman true! a mither ever kind,
A wondrous spirit in a little frame,
Which burned 'mid trials wi' the noblest flame
O' Hope an' Love combined.

Hers was the love which never knew regret,
Tho' life's storms beat wi' unrelentin' wrath
Faith's cheerin' star lit up her gloomy path
An' made her them forget.

The breists which nursed me in my infant years,
The hands which clasped me, an' the saft-voiced
tongue,
Lie mould'rin' noo, oor kindred dust among,
An' I shed secret tears.
Green be the grass abune her sacred sod!
An immortelle o' song I lay thereon,—
Affection's flowers in memory of one
Who loved to live for God.

THE YIRD HAUDS A'.

THE yird hauds a', the yird hauds a',
I loved sae lang an' true,
The voice that cheered me is awa',
An' nocht is lovely noo.
I daun'er oot, I daun'er in,
The warl' seems strange to me,
I feel that I am left alane,
Nae mair to happy be.

The year's awa', the year's awa',
Sae fraught wi' mony joys
That sadly noo I aft reca'
Wi' silent tears an' sighs,
Sae wearily I mourn alane
The days for ever fled ;
Love's simmer licht is frae me gane,
An' a' is dark an' dead.

The happy hame, the happy hame,
That aince wi' mirth was fu',
Is hushed in wae—ah! none can name
The silence in it noo.
I canna touch, I daurna look
Upon ae hallowed chair,
Toom-stannin' by the ingle nook,
An' tellin' wha sat there.

The winter wanes, the winter wanes,
An' gentle spring returns ;
But nocht o' sunny joy remains
To cheer a heart that mourns.
The flowers o' spring will wauken sune,
An' sweetly, sweetly blaw ;
Like tears o' love, they'll shine abune
The yird that hauds my a'.

LOST FRIENDS.

THEY are dyin' ane by ane,
They are leavin' me alane,
I canna fill their places, for they never more return ;
But their memories remain,
Like a licht that canna wane,
To cheer me in the anguish that arises as I mourn.

There is naething that can heal
Such a sadness as I feel ;
'Tis ever in my bosom as a whisper frae my God,
Tho' my sorrow I conceal,
Yet an angel aft will steal
An' bring me words o' comfort frae the loved aneath
the sod.

In my dreamin's aft I hear,
The old voices ever dear,
An' mony passin' visions o' the lost anes aft I see ;

But I wake in doubt an' fear,
An' I shed the bitter tear,
An' cry aloud, "I'm lonely—Oh! come back again to
me!"

Like a weary wanderer lone,
In a desert maist unknown,
Nae kindly smiles illume wi' joy my path that lies
before,
For the friends that cheered me on,
Are for ever frae me gone,
An' what gave life its beauty will return to me no
more.

I'M A-WEARY.

THE win' blows snell atour the Law,
Lood roars its sang o' sorrow eerie,
Adoon the lum its wailin' ca'
Soun's sair an mak's my heart a-weary.
I'm a-weary noo, I'm a-weary noo,
For my a' is gane,
An' my hame is lane,
An' I greet for the ane I loe.

It brings me back his lightsome voice,
It aye reca's a look sae cheerie,
Ah me! I canna mair rejoice,
He ne'er will come, an' I'm a-weary.
I'm a-weary noo, &c.

The sea upon the shore may surge,
An' mourn wi' sadness cauld an' dreary,

For ane it chants an endless dirge
That I maun hear, an' live a-weary.
I'm a-weary noo, &c.

But 'mid my tears o' dark despair,
My bairnies wee alane can cheer me,
Sae for their sakes, I a' maun bear,
An' win my bread wi' heart a-weary.
I'm a-weary noo, &c.

MIRREN'S FA'.

A DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

"TAK' a taste; hoots! just a drappie! fegs it winna
dae ye harm,
Mirren, lass, 'twill mak' ye happy, an' besides, 'twill
keep ye warm."

Thus spak' Betty Phin, while standin' wi' her neebor
Mirren Tait,
At the bar o' Glassy Brandon, beamin' in the Murray-
gate.

Mirren was a simple cratur', frae ayont the Sidlaw
braes,
Simple baith in heart an' natur', ignorant o' townsfolk
ways;
"Since ye press me, weel I'se pree it; mind ye Betty,
just a taste,
Stand afore me, nane maun see it, else I'm sure to
feel disgraced.

"Ca' ye't whiskey? Feech! what pooshon, Hech! I
gasp, it tak's my breath;

Deary me, I've tint my fooshon! Ugh! that stuff wad
be my death!"

"Havers, Mirren, ye're a woman, an' can haud frae't
when ye like,

Ye hae sense abune the common, what's the use o'
ony fyke?

"Look at me, ye're neebor bodie, mither o' aucht
roarin' weans,

Ilka nicht I tak' my todody just to ease my inward
pains."

"Betty, but it's unco warmin', that's a fac' I'll no deny,
But my heid's a wee-thing charmin', an' my thochts
are in the sky.

"Gin I thocht I'd come to love it, fegs I wadna taste
ava.

Certes! doon the sink I'd shove it, ere it mastered me
awa."

"Love it, Mirren! wha e'er loves it? Folk just pree
because it's guid,

Hoo it maks a bodie freenly whan it kittles cauld-
rife bluid.

We'll hae just anither tastin'; Ugh! the nichts are
unco cauld;

Bide; ye needna aff be hastin'; lat's be fortified and
bauld."

"Na!" quo' Mirren, "I maun gang noo, Sandy will
be hame frae wark;

Fegs I've waitit rather lang noo, see it's gettin' unco
dark.

"Betty, weel since ye're sae pressin', just anither;
mind, nae mair;

Gin he kens, I'se get a dressin'—Losh! he'd fling me
owre the stair."

"Here's to ye, Mirren! dinna fear him, sook a pepper-
mint or twa;

Mind an' dinna gang owre near him ere the saul o't
dees awa'.

"Ony man is easy cheatit gin his wife's a wee-thocht
slee,

A' suspicion is defeatit gin her tongue is no owre free ;
Ye are young yet in the part o' mouldin' men to suit
your ends,
Silence is the only art o' keepin' them the best o'
friends."

"Betty! come awa ye hizzie, tak' my airm, it looks
genteel ;
Betty, losh! I'm feelin' dizzy, an' a kind o' dwam I feel ;
A' the lamps seem gowlin' faces, a' the streets an'
hooses steer ;
Look! the mune's in twa-three places, losh! the warl'
is turnin' queer."

Hame they gaed, their secrets tellin', vowin' to be true
an' kind,
Reachin' Mirren's humble dwellin' in the Bucklemaker
Wynd,—
"Guid nicht, Mirren," "Guid nicht, Betty," "Mirren,
gin your Sandy's in,
Dinna ye be dour an' fretty, dinna flytin' words begin."

Mirren, only three months married, up the stair wi'
stoit'rin' fit,

Fumbled for the key she carried, fumbled lang the
hole to hit,

In she gat as sax was ringin', flung her bonnet on a
chair,

Looked for spunks, syne fell a singin', heard her
Sandy on the stair!

Doitit, yet the gas she lichtit, clapped the kettle on
the coals,

Cups an' saucers quick she dichtit, set some bannocks,
breid, an' rolls;

Doon afore the grate bars crawin' wi' the bellows in
her han',

Fiercely she began the blawin', just as in cam' her
guidman.

Sandy, smilin', stood dumfoondered, an' began his een
to doot,

Couldna speak, but gaped an' wondered hoo she blew
a fire deid oot:

"Mirren! Mirren! what's come owre ye? Mirren, hae
ye tint your mind?"

See the fire is black afore ye, are ye daft or are ye
blind?"

Mirren turned an' leuch gey sicklike, "Sandy, weel I
doot ye're richt,"

But her words cam' wersh an' thicklike, an' her een
were strangely bricht ;

Sandy on a chair sat dazed-like, kentna what to say
or think,

Startit ! kissed her ! then cried crazed-like, "Mirren,
ye've been takin' Drink !"

"A' the years that I hae wooed ye, a' the happy days
we've passed,

A' the love wi' which I looded ye, dee afore this awfu'
blast.

Mirren ! I'll do richt while weddit, dinna mak' me
ony tea,

Come, my lass, ye maun be beddit, dinna look sae
wild at me."

A' that nicht puir Sandy slumbered on some chairs
by her bedside,

Dreamt o' hopes an' joy-days numbered, dreamt o'
life bereft o' pride.

Mirren in the mornin' startin', socht forgiveness for
yestreen,

Tears o' penitence cam' dartin' frae her bonnie sel'-
like een.

Sandy saftened wi' her prayin', kissed an' ca'd her
"his ain doo,"

Little thinkin' she was playin' wi' a heart to duty
true ;

Neebor Betty heard her story, leuch an' said "'twas
just like men,"

Said her Sandy wad be hoary ere a woman's way he'd
ken.

Sympathy she gae young Mirren, ca'd her guid an'
wisely slee,

Strength'nin' draps she wad be stirrin' in their efter-
noon-time tea ;

Time flew by an' Mirren's cravin' fell atour her like a
mist,

Sae she thocht nae harm in havin' ae wee bottle in
the kist.

Draps on draps will mak' a river, rowin' wi' increasin'
power,

An' Desire when fed will never lowse its grip 'till a' is
owre ;
Ony love when nursed grows greater, robbin' sense till
madness comes,
Then like some remorseless traitor, lauchin' when its
fule succumbs.

Sandy saw wi' pain an' sorrow bonnie Mirren changin'
sair,
Aye he hoped for some bricht morrow bringin' in an
answered prayer.
Ae wee pledge o' love she gae him, ae wee angel frae
the sky ;
Love fu' slowly stealin' frae him fand a new an' sacred
joy.

Mirren, still 'neath Betty's guidin', liked her drappie
aye the mair ;
Tho' her bairn she took some pride in, yet it dwined
for want o' care ;
Sune the little store o' savin's frae the bank was
slowly drawn,
Then to satisfy her cravin's little things she took to
pawn.

Sandy's presents in their courtin', ilka ane a bygane
link,
Sune on loveless shelves were sportin' while their
value gaed in drink.
By-an'-by her claes an' beddin' left the hoose in
bundles sma',
Syne her Sandy's Sabbath cleadin' slipped mysteri-
ously awa.

Aft when Sandy spak' aboot it nocht he gat but doon-
richt lees,
Tell't him gin her word he dootit just to keep him-
sel' at ease.
Days an' nichts in sorrow flyin', hame was hameless
noo to a',
Sandy saw his bairnie dyin', dyin' like a flower awa.

Frae his toil ae simmer gloamin' hame he cam' wi'
tearfu' e'e,
Mirren sat a withered woman wi' the deid lam' on her
knee,
Singin' to the smileless cratur', shoggin't in her
tattered lap,

Lauchin' at each bonnie featur', hushin't wi' a tender
clap.

Sune aneath the sod 'twas lyin' free frae troubles
scarce begun,

Lower, deeper, faster flyin', Mirren's course amaist
was run—

Naething but a wreck remainin', naething left noo to
admire—

Ever thirstin', ever granin', wi' the madness o' Desire.

Sandy, sad an' broken-heartit, tried in vain to change
her mind,

A' her glory was departit, love was deid an' hope was
blind ;

Mirren, haggard, wan, an' shrivelled, wasna Mirren to
him noo,

Pride had fled, an' speech was drivelled, a' o' woman
sunk frae view.

Fast unto destruction hastin', slowly burnin' oot wi'
drouth,

Cryin' ever, "Just a tastin' ; Sandy ! Sandy ! weet my
mouth ;"

Then Death cam' wi' beauty fearfu',—then she looked
her life's regret,
Then she sighed and whispered tearfu', "Kiss me!
Sandy! love me yet!"

HOGMANAY.

"O glorious time for men and weans."

*"Guid wif, mak' haste! the hour is near,
Get out your curran' bun,
Bring out the dram-an'-kebbuck cheer,
The table set, the ingle steer,
Our neebor freens will sune be here
To wish us bairn 'A Guid New Year,'
Wi' glad first-footin' fun."*

THE mune abune shines unco fair
Upon New Year Day time ;
The winds blaw snell an' unco sair,
The groanin' trees are blank an' bare,
An' shak' their thin shanks in the air,
An' winter's cauldribe happin' wear
O' glintin' silvery rime.

The drumlie burns the haughs amang
Row on wi' wrathfu' speed ;
'Tween flowerless banks they dash alang,
An' hoarsely pour their sadd'nin' sang,
Or maen an' wail wi' sorrow's pang
As thro' the lanely dells they gang,
Whaur a' is dank an' deid.

The fields, the dells, the hills, an' braes
Are cheerless to the heart ;
Nae birdies chant their liltis o' praise,
Nae vernal beauty meets the gaze ;
Noo, clad in Nature's mournin' claes,
They tell o' sunny, bygane days
That cam' but to depart.

We're here the day, awa' the morn,
Like bonnie days or flowers ;
Some little nook kens we are born,
Life's little summer we adorn ;
But sune o' bloom an' beauty shorn,
We're frae our little circle torn
By Death's rude winter powers.

Ah ! weel it is that it is sae,
Else life wad be nae charm—
A weary waste without a way,
An endless nicht without a day,
A bondage hard without a stay,
A licht without a cheerin' ray,
A never-endin' storm.

We ken we're here, an' sae we try
Life's happiness to quaff ;
Wi' anxious heart an' hopefu' eye,
We snatch frae hours as they gang by
Some moments o' unfettered joy—
To soothe our cares, oh ! how we fly
To ocht that mak's us lauch.

One chord gives but a single tone,
The mony mak' the tune ;
Sae not in us when livin' lone
Are pleasure's sweets or gladness known,
But when 'mang neebor bodies thrown,
A joke or nonsense, mirthfu' blown,
Becomes a priceless boon.

Aft, then, amid this fecht for bread,
 We long for orra days,
When Toil's relentless ca' is dead,
When we can freely roun' us shed
The daftness that is in us bred
'Mang kindred spirits, nature-wed
 To fun' an' social ways.

Chief o' joy-days to bairns an' men,
 The New Year time is seen ;
Lang-looked-for happy moments then
Wi' kith an' kin we blithely spen',
Care shuns the hoose baith but an' ben,
For hearts are licht, an' smilin' len'
 A charm unto the scene.

Th' expectant bairns can hardly sleep
 For fancied ploys an' din ;
Sweet dreams o' comin' toys will creep
Atour their minds as aft they peep
Into the pirlie mine they keep
Wi' jealous care until they reap
 The warl' o' joys within.

An' mithers tentily provide

The guid, auld-fashioned cheer—

The kebbuck is their wifely pride,

The broon-cheeked bun its sonsy bride ;

The Hielan' dew frae mountain side

Within the black laird's wame maun bide

Till ends the passin' year.

E'en faithers cast a wishfu' e'e

On New Year days o' rest,

An' feel the comin' mirth an' glee

Will mak' their twalmonth's trachle flee,

Will keep life's gear frae gaun ajee,

Will nerve their hearts, will vigour gi'e,

Will mak' their labour blest !

The lightsome lads their siller hoard

Before the time comes roun',

Sae manly-like they may afford

A present for some lass adored ;

Or wi' their neebor chiels accord

In equal-aqual spendin', scored

While daun'rin' thro' the toun.

An' bloomin' lasses, naeways blate,
 Their braws prepare fu' vain,
An' forrit look wi' hearts elate
To days which may decide their fate,
Or bring new hopes which may create
A dreamin' on that happy state
 Which women strive to gain.

Thus rich an' puir are joy-impressed,
 Ae sentiment hauds sway ;
Ae kindred feelin' fills the breast—
That wi' the year's ootgaun 'tis best
To lat a' troubles gang to rest,
An' try to be wi' mirth possessed,
 When ends the Hogmanay.

That day, stern Labour's ca' is o'er
 To ilka son o' toil ;
Nae chappin' laddies tirl the door,
Nae whistles skreich their waukenin' roar,
Nae bells their warnin' summons pour—
The warl' is hushed, an' bears once more
 A universal smile.

HOGMANAY.

The roun' red sun e'en seems to hae
A blessin' on his face,
As frae his bed o' snaw-clouds grey
He speeds upon his wonted way
His pawkie look maist seems to say,
" My benison I gi'e this day
Wi' mair than ord'nar' grace."

Noo sune the waukrife bairnies craw,
An' mornin' pieces seek ! *
Their roosin' din's a cheery ca',
Which drives sleep's fadin' powers awa ;
As mithers canna thole't ava,
They rise wi' hesitation sma',
Syne lums begin to reek.

The parritch owre, an' drest wi' care,
They roun' the table stan',
While faither, wi' important air,
Brak's ilka pirlie-pig wi' care,

* "The mornin' piece" is an old Scotch custom bairns a bit or "piece" of bread when they waken. pacificator.

To get the wealth lang-growin' there ;
Wi' beatin' heart an' anxious stare,
Ootstretched is ilka hand.

Sune frae the hoose they a' are bent
'Neath faither's watchfu' e'e ;
The winnock-ferlies, braw wi' paint,
To little hearts bring joys unkent ;
Sae, teasin' dad to gi'e consent,
Their little store is wisely spent
'Mid shouts o' mirthfu' glee.

How dear the smiles o' bairns unto
The toilin' parent pair !
Tho' unco common to the view
An' hamely clad—their wants are few—
Sae grow to men wi' hearts aye fu'
O' rosy-cheeked Contentment true,
Which wealth can ne'er ensure.

As bairns owrecome wi' glory's craze
They tak' their hameward way,
To lay before their mither's gaze,

Wi' roarin' pleasure's fulsome praise,
Their various little toy-displays,
Which bring a happiness to days
Ayont the Hogmanay.

Loud daffin' rings and bickerin' glee
Reign roun' the ingle nook,
For weel they ken 'twad awfu' be
To lat the pechan Auld Year see
A frownin' face or tearfu' e'e,
An' sae to gar him blessin's gi'e,
They've a' a happy look.

The day speeds on, the nicht comes roun',
To bed they a' are sent ;
Ere 'mang the claes they lay them doon
Their prayers ascend to Him abune,
Syne, cuddlin' close, they're waftit sune
Into the realm where Sleep's saft croon
Awaits the innocent.

The busy mither's magic power
Mak's a'thing snod an' clean ;

The fire gi'es oot a cheery glower,
E'en pleasure glints the wa's atour ;
Before the comin' hin'most hour
The hoose seems like a cosy bower
Whaur hamely bliss is seen.

Her heart to honoured custom leans
Wi' fervour native-born ;
She lo'es a' guid, auld-fashioned scenes,
An' sae frae aff her humble means
The auncient Scottish cheer she gleans,
To bapteeze wishes poured frae freens
Upon the New Year's morn.

The faither scans her wark wi' pride,
An' blesses aft the day
When she became his bonnie bride,
Content to warsle by his side—
A lovin' help, a faithfu' guide,
A comforter in poortith's tide—
A blessin' every way.

The hour's at han', that solemn twel',
The auld year's deein' hymn—

It strikes ! He louns an' to himsel',
He clasps her wi' love's burstin' swell ;
Syne kisses mony truly tell
She hauds his heart aneath her spell—
She's a' o' a' to him.

Their thanks to God united rise
For mercies to them given ;
True as each year atour them flies,
The aeness of their life-emprie
Reflects His love, which in them lies,
An' strengthens life's maist holy ties,—
Yea, mak's their hame a heaven.

The Steeple bell peals loud an' clear,
An' shouts o' joy ascend
Frae those wha on the streets appear,
Bent on first-footin' ploys an' steer
To cronies auld or lasses dear,
An' bearin' draps o' whiskey cheer
They on their courses wend.

Sune feet are heard on ilka stair,
An' tirls at ilka door,

An' shak-han' mirth reigns everywhere,
An' freen'ly hearts this toast declare—
“A guid New Year an' mony mair!”
Then Auld Langsyne's fraternal air
Is sung wi' rattlin' roar.

The welkin echoes far the strain,
Some lights in winnocks start,
An' nicht-capped heads o' bodies 'lane
Are seen at ilka frost-dimmed pane;
Owrecome they chant the dear refrain
Which tells o' days for ever gane,
An' grips their vera heart.

Freens ca' on freens wi' freen'ly zeal,
While mony ithers hie
To wish their frail auld grannies weel,
To shak' their han's an' gar them feel
That love frae hearts to auld-age leal
Can smooth life's darklin', tapmost speel,
An' bring a taste o' joy.

Thus, ushered in wi' roysterin' mirth,
The infant year is born;

Man's better nature, love, and worth,
In earnest benisons rush forth,
Which lichten up the darkest hearth,
An' cheer the lowly anes o' earth,
Wi' life's sad battle worn.

Lang may Auld Scotland ever see
The dawnin' o' that day !
Though Fortin's favours gang ajee,
Though poortith scowls wi' blastin' e'e,
May a' her sons, whaure'er they be,
Aye haud wi' kindly native glee,
Their auncient Hogmanay !

MEG O' LIFF.

OR, THE HAGS O' HURLEY HAWKIN.

An ill-tongued woman is a fule, and she shall be skelped.

PROVERB.

ONE Christmas eve, lang years ago,
An eve o' frost an' waffs o' snow,
A wondrous deed was dune in Liff,
Which gae the villagers a gliff,
An' still remembered is by a'
Wha seventy winters can reca'.
That nicht, the sun, large, wild, an' red,
In anger socht his western bed,
An' left ahin' dark, gloomy clouds,
To hap the earth in lichtless shrouds ;
Then frae each cot the crusie's gleams,
Shone 'mid the mirk wi' fitfu' beams,
Yet gaily rose the weavers' sound
Fast finishin' their daily round.
Up frae his loom leapt Johnnie Rough,

A simple bit o' human stuff,
Wha had that nicht, 'mid rack an' moil,
Completed thirty years o' toil ;
His web was dune, an' frae his seat
He rose wi' joyous heart an' feet,
Took aff his apron, shook his hair,
An' breathed a God-be-thankin' prayer.
In to the kitchen-end he went,
An' by the fire sat doon content ;
But Meg, his ill-tongued, randy wife,
The plague o' Johnnie's lang-wed life,
Began to snap, an' glow'r, an' gloom,—
Syne speired, " Hoo he had stopped his loom ? "
Quo' Johnnie, wi' a timid look,
(For Meg's fierce wrath he'd learned to brook,)
" It's thirty years this very nicht
Since I began the weavin' fecht ;
I rose this morn afore the sun,
I've wrocht gey hard—the web is done,
An' surely, Meg, for aince ye'll be
A Christmas nicht at peace wi' me."
For twenty years puir John had borne,
The lash o' Meg's vile tongue an' scorn ;

Scarce had a day gane owre his head,
Since he unto the wretch was wed,
But inwardly he wished that she
Was laid whaur tongues in silence be ;
Aft when his meekness roused her ire,
Her temper burst in spurts o' fire,
She'd shak her fists, and aftimes tear
A han'fu' o' his silvery hair,
Or grab his beard, an' scart his cheeks—
An' like a tartar wore the breeks ;
Nae children graced her married life
To quell her love for din an' strife,
An' sae her little theekit cot
Was ca'd in Liff, "an awfu' spot."
Quo' Meg, "An' ye've wrocht thirty years,
Ye guid-for-naething ; it appears
It's noo your only heart's desire
To sit an' smoke beside the fire ;
Ye lazy snool, an' will ye dare
To lauch at me ! Rise frae that chair !
Awa' ye gang an' lift your web,
Or else I'll pu' your wizzened neb !
Ye winna gang ! ye winna speak !

My sang, I'se gar your haffets reek,
Rise frae that chair ye doited coof !
Rise ! Rise ! " Wi' that her muckle loof
Struck silent John a fearfu' thwack,
That stretched him owre the auld chair back,
An' broke his wee, black cutty freen',
Whase head amang the ase was seen.
Quate, uncomplainin', John sat still,
An' let her rave awa at will ;
Higher an' higher rose her tongue,
Wild an' mair wild her clamour rung ;
Her large, projectin', cauld-grey een,
Changed to a hue o' sickly green ;
Her upper lip, lang, deep, an' thin,
Stretched owre her jaw like birsled skin ;
While at her mou'-nooks, curds o' froth
Hung as the symbols o' her wroth ;
An', stampin' wi' her feet, she shook
Her fist at John, wha feared to look
Upon the wild, she-deevil form,
That owre his head blew sic a storm :
Calm and demure he heard it a',
But ne'er a crookit word let fa' ;

In sorrow at her senseless rage,
He bore it as became a sage.
The weary hours went slowly past,
Yet ended not her temper-blast,
Which, burstin' a' the ord'nar' bounds,
Cam' forth in heavy, volleyed rounds ;
Mad wi' John's peace, she seized his hair
An' pu'd him aff his ingle chair,
Syne owre him like a demon stood,
An' kicked him till his sacred bluid
Be-streaked the cauld an' stony floor,
Yet—he was silent as before ;
The hour o' ten rang frae the clock,
When at the door a sudden knock
Was heard, an' then amid her din
A yellin' horde cam' rushin' in ;
Gash-gabbit hags o' hideous shape,
Wi' een ablaze an' mou's agape,
An' sunken chafts, an' girnin' jaws,
An' skinny han's that looked like claws ;
They seized on Meg wi' skirlin' roar,
An' whisked her thro' the open door ;
Some grabbed her feet wi' powerfu' grup,

Syne on their shouthers raised her up ;
 Some filled her mou' wi' brimstane het,
 To still the rage that gurgled yet ;
 Syne aff they flew like waukened win',
 An' left the village weel ahin',
 Nor slackened ocht o' speed until
 They stood on Hurley Hawkin hill,
 Then on the grun' puir Meg they flung,
 An' round her danced, an' round her sung—

We've got her noo,

What shall we do,

Sisters say ?

We've got her noo on Hurley Hawkin,

What shall we do ?

Skelp her ! skelp her !

Nane will help her ;

Strip her bare for temper brakin' !

Bring the chair,

Set her there,

We will cure her randy talkin'.

This we shall do,

Shall do !

That nicht, on Hurley Hawkin mound,
Blue lowes rose frae the frostit ground,
An' frae each lowe a deevil peered,
Wha in their deed the auld hags cheered,
An' lauched an' girmed, an' squirmed an' yelped,
An' wi' their tails the sods they skelped ;
Wi' mystic art a backless chair
Rose frae the earth amid a flare,
An' clappin' han's, around it stood
The fiercest o' the beldame brood,
While ithers, skilled in tapes and stays,
Stript Meg o' a' her nether claes,
Syne tied her on the ebon chair
To skelp her wi' a vengeance rare ;
Beneath their rags o' bronze-like hue,
Each hag's hand dived, an' quickly drew
A tawse that seemed a souple tongue
Frae some wild randy lately wrung ;
Around puir Meg wi' shout an' prance
They danced as only deevils dance,
An' wildly waved their arms an' tawse,
An' hobbled, an' bobbed, an' snapt their jaws ;
Syne round their victim closin' in,

They for a moment quat their din,
While ane wi' a' her micht cam'—whack !
On Meg's weel-roundit, bonnie back ;
In quick succession cam' the rest,
An' gae their blows wi' fiendish zest ;
Skelp after skelp frae arms to hips,
Rang like the cracks o' cadgers' whips ;
Meg writhed an' twisted wi' the pain,
An' tried to rise, but 'twas in vain,
She tried to speak, alas ! her tongue
For aince unto its dwellin' clung ;
Loud in the cauld nicht air arose
The music o' the dreadfu' blows,
Which quicker, thicker, stronger flew,
Until her skin was black an' blue :—
O ! 'twas an' awfu' sicht to see
Sae fair a back sae yerked wi' glee,
Sae plump a form sae sadly tanned,
By such a foul, unfeelin' band ;
Wi' ilka blow Meg felt a dart
Straucht-fleein' thro' her sinfu' heart,
Which nearly burst its yieldin' wa's
For words to speak in pity's cause.

But tears—the first she e'er had shed,—
Rose frae her heart an' heavenward sped !
Then wi' a gasp that seemed her last,
She murmured—“*John ! forgi'e the past !*”
Then stood the hags as hushed as mutes,
An' hid their tawse beneath their clouts,
An' clapped their hands, an' hotched, an' smirked,
While every e'e wi' pleasure twirled :
Some lifted Meg frae out the chair,
An' dressed her wi' a kindly air,
Syne shouther-high a' bore her aff
Wi' mony a merry shout an' laugh,
An' as the solemn hour o' twel'
Was ringin' on the Liff kirk-bell,
Beside her John, asleep in bed,
His heart-changed Meg they deftly laid :—
Then a' was dark, an' a' was still
On famous Hurley Hawkin hill ;
While up the dowie Den o' Gray,
The weird hags took their unkent way,
To come again if ony woman
Should be a randy yont the common.

Neist mornin' John was proud to see

His Meg as lovin' as could be,
Yet never kent the reason hoo
Her tongue was sweet an' couthie noo ;
He never speired, for he was blest,
An' tore the Past frae out his breast ;
Sae mony happy years o' life,
He lived wi' Meg, his ain dear wife.

Noo a' ye randy, ill-tongued wives,
Wha lead your husbands misery's lives,
Remember Meg o' Liff's back-thrashin',
As yours may be the neist for lashin'.

THE RESURRECTION IN LOGIE KIRKYARD.

ANE AWFU' TALE AN' TRUE.

'Twas in the guid auld days o' yore,
When men drank deep an' leddies swore ;
When steamin' punch-bowls crooned each boose,
An' curious sangs graced each caroose ;
When dusty coaches brocht the news
O' great Napoleon's warlike views ;
When every lofty mountain-hicht
Was ready wi' its beacon-light ;
When every man an' likely son
Was bound to hae at hand a gun ;
When hand-loom weavin' was a trade
To which the best o' fouk were bred ;
When frae each hoose rose sharp an' quick
The music o' the shuttle's click ;
When young an' auld at New Year time
Did deeds I fear to tell in rhyme.

Sing Hamely Muse ! sing blithe an' canny
 A tale aft tauld me by my granny,
 In days when Childhood's happy state
 Aft found me sittin' sagely blate
 Beside her cosy wee bit fire,
 In winter nichts lang, dark, an' dire.

'Twas on that nicht ca'd Hogmanay,
 When Care is scotched wi' Freenship's sway ;
 When bairns, untethered, rin fu' daft,
 An' men wi' drink are unco saft ;
 When Mirth and Laughter fill each hoose,
 An' every heart beats warmly croose ;
 When Sorrow's memories are stirred
 Reca'in' freens doon in the yird.
 'Twas on that nicht—langsyne I trow,
 Fouk were nae wiser then than now—
 The roarin' hecklers o' Lochee
 Foregathered for their ball an' spree.
 Blithe Patie Chalmers' hecklin' shed,
 Where skilfu' heckler loons were bred,
 Was cleared o' stools an' hecklin' tables,
 An' cleaned in winnocks, wa's, an' gables ;

Expectant lassies cam' in bands,
An' redd the room wi' willin' hands ;
The tow was stuffed in yawnin' sacks
An' piled upon the heapit flax ;
The floor was swept, an' roun' the wa's
Some forms and chairs were placed in raws ;
Lang caunles frae tin sockets sprung,
While crusies frae the rafters hung.
For aince the place was clean an' neat,
An' ready for the nimble feet.

Nae snaw had sarked the deein' year,
Its Hogmanay was crisp an' clear ;
The rosy sun sank as a freen
That cuist guid wishes owre the scene ;
The clouds in cauld grey glory drest
Wi' Borean burdens seemed opprest ;
The stars laughed at the infant mune
Which frae its mither peeped abune ;
The wind was hushed, the gloamin' still,
An' grand for dancin's warmth and skill.
The hour had come ; along the road
Gay couples to the biggin' trod,—

Auld hecklers wi' their gaucy dames,
An' dochters fu' o' marriage aims ;
Young chiels wi' sweethearts trig an' braw
In dresses like the driven snaw,
An' mony mair whase only thocht
Was fun wi' lassies still unsocht.
Some weaver lads frae auld Dundee
Had quat their looms wi' youthfu' glee,
An' washed an' dressed wi' tenty care,
An' kaimed the pob-fluff frae their hair,
Syne happy-heartit took their ways
In bannets blue and Sawbath claes,
To meet wi' smiles and joyous looks
Their doxies waitin' at pend nooks.
Tam Mure and Jamie Bell were there,
O' weaver chiels an awfu' pair ;
Tam's jo was gigglin' Meggie Glass,
A harum-scarum thochtless lass ;
While Jamie's doo was Kate M'Gimp,
A lauchin', cunnin', witchin' imp.
Drest in their muslin goons and braws,
An' flecked wi' trinkets an' gee-gaws,
An' happit in their mithers' plaids,

They looked twa heart-ensnarin' maids.
Sune linked in Tam and Jamie's arms,
Awa' they trudged to show their charms
Amang the hecklers o' Lochee,
Fast musterin' now wi' New Year's glee.
By Logie's woods and through the toll,
Syne by the Kirkyaird's ghaistly knoll,
An' by the tree where Jock Affleck
Drapt frae a branch an' brak his neck,
They sped, an' passed each hoose an' cot,
An' reached wi' joy the dancin' spot,
Where gapin' bairns around the door
Were listenin' to the gatherin' roar.
The crusies cuist the sickly licht
O' lanterns in a misty nicht ;
The caunles shed, wi' flickerin' gleam,
The pallor o' a munelicht beam ;
Around the wa's on stools an' chairs,
The hecklers' wives were ranged in pairs ;
Some sonsie dames for hurdie ease
Sat gabbin' on their husbands' knees ;
While croose amang the tow and flax
The lads an' lasses had their cracks ;

Whyles risin' frae the corners dark,
 Were heard the soughs o' kissin' wark.
 Twa fiddlers perched on bags o' tow
 Screwed each his pegs an' seized his bow,
 An' while the startin' dram gaed roun'
 They gently tirl'd the openin' tune ;
 Syne on the floor wi' ready zeal,
 A' hurried for the rattlin' reel.
 'Twas but a momentary pause,
 Nae heart was there to dancin' fause ;
 Lass looked to lad an' lad to lass,
 Each limb was futterin' for the pass ;
 Then wi' a sudden dash an' dirl,
 The fiddlers' bows struck "Timour's" swirl ;*
 Syne aff they set wi' loup an' fling,
 An' curve, an' whirl, an' waist-grip swing,
 Till bussels hotched beneath the goons

* "Timour's Swirl"—"Timour the Tartar," an old reel at one time very popular in all old-fashioned dancings. When played properly—*i.e.*, with the soul of the fiddler in his bow-arm—two inches of the bow suffice for its execution ; when performed thus, the dancers' limbs had to be light and speedy in movement, and, heedless of stoure, sweat, or the reek of rapidity, had to perform their functions until powerless, when "to drap doon" was considered the *ne plus ultra* of dancing merit.

That swellin' stretched like blawn balloons ;
Till bosies bobbed like stottin' ba's,
An' tried to loup their whalebane wa's ;
Till breath was scant an' heids were licht,
An' sweat draps fell like diamonds bricht ;
Till dumpy dames, wi' "Hech !" an' "Howe !"
Fell pechan, helpless, 'mang the tow.
The fiddlers' elbucks, fluttered fleet,
The dancers answered wi' their feet,
Shrill "Hoochs !" arose frae ilka chiel,
The lasses, tireless, daured them weel ;
The crusies wagged aneath their din,
The caunle lowes waved wi' their win',
The biggin' shook frae roof to floor
An' ne'er saw sic a hecklers' splore ;
Dance followed dance, dram followed dram,
The tired fell out, the strengthened cam' ;
Sae on wi' unabated powers
They danced till day's departin' hours.

'Twas on that nicht that gay Panmure,
A reckless blade for fun secure,
Wi' Tandy fu' o' sodger glory,

An' Fletcher Reid o' Indian story,
 An' twa-three mair convivial souls,
 Sat owre their steamin' whisky bowls
 In Nannie's hostel in the Vout,*
 Where aft they met to hae a bout ;
 Wi' toast, an' sang, an' glasses' clink,
 They drank wi' pride the royal drink ;
 Anither browst was quickly brewed,
 'Neath rattlin' jokes and stories rude ;
 Syne Sense, ashamed, stole frae their heids,
 An' left them fit for madmen's deeds.
 Up gat Panmure an' vowed that he
 Wad fleg the saunts o' douce Dundee ;
 He daured his freens, in language terse,
 To ride that nicht within a hearse,
 An' stand upon a kirkyaird mound,
 Syne blaw ae lang, lood trumpet-sound ;

* "*The Vout*," or Vault, is that range of buildings immediately in the rear of "The Pillars" or Town House. At one time there were several famous "howffs" in the Vout, where the *bon vivants* of Dundee held their revels. It must be borne in mind that at the time of the tale Dundee was very different from the Dundee of to-day. Then it consisted of four streets—the Cowgate, Murraygate, Overgate, and the short Seagate, which converged on the High Street or Square ; the population being about 10,000.

They flung him back his challenge wild,
An' to the deed were reconciled ;
Each swore that he was bauld to dare
A deid man risin' frae his lair,
Or Auld Nick comin' wi' his host
Frae some red-het unkent-o' coast.
That morn the slee Panmure had hired
The hearse and horses he desired,
An' bocht sax trumpets large and lang,
To mak' the deid-awakenin' clang ;
Sae now to tak' them at their word,
Auld Nannie's bell he fiercely stirred—
“ Rin, Nannie, rin, to Sandy Tait's,
An' tell him that Panmure awaits ! ”

Sune up the Seagate loudly rolled
The black-plumed coach which Death foretold,
Drawn by twa lang-tailed horses white
That pranced an' snorted wi' delight ;
High on the box sat Johnnie Lamb,
Dundee's best drinker o' a dram ;
His wizzened frame was funeral-draped,
His funeral hat was extra-craped,

His visage bore the bleery gloom
Befittin' ane wha fed the tomb,
An' chucklin' owre prospective gains,
Wi' ostler skill he held the reins,
An' drave wi' tug an' crack o' whup,
Till at the Vout-mouth he drew up,
Whaur ilka passer shook his heid,
An' speired at Johnnie, "Fa was deid?"
But Jock, weel primed to haud his tongue,
Sat like a man wi' sorrow wrung.

The day's last hour had half-way gane,
The sickly lamps began to wane,
The High Street loungers quat their noise,
An' hame dispersed for first-foot ploys;
Within the Pillars darkly lone,
The lantern o' the watchman shone;
Frae sundry inns arose the din
O' chiels wha drank the New Year in,
While bearers o' sedan chairs bore
Some drucken burden to his door;
Then wi' a roar an' eldritch shout,
Some roysterers staggered frae the Vout,

A deev'lish an' determined band,
Each wi' a lantern in his hand ;
Led by Panmure they neared the hearse,
An' scrambled in wi' swearin's fierce ;
"Drive, Johnnie drive ! an' be na' scared,
Drive on to Logie's auld kirkyaird !"
Jock cracked his whup wi' heart elate,
An' dartit up the Overgate.
Panmure frae out a corner drew
His lang tin trumpets glistenin' new ;
"Blaw, billies, blaw !" he roared wi' micht,
"Come, gi'e the Scourin' burn a fricht !"
Frae 'neath the plumes sax trumpets shone,
Sax lang shrill blasts arose as one ;
Again ! again ! the startlin' notes
Rang wildly frae the tin-white throats :
Frae Dudhope's slopes the echoes sprung,
The Law replied wi' sullen tongue,
Balgay e'en heard the strange refrain,
An' woods an' glades stirred wi' the strain ;
Frae winnocks nicht-capped pows were reared,
An' mutches white in dizzens peered ;
They saw wi' fear the unco sicht,

Fast speedin' like a gliff o' licht,—
The horses white, their fearsome bounds,
The lichtit hearse, the trumpet sounds,
The noddin' plumes, the men within,
The sable driver an' the din,
Seemed, as they glow're'd amazed an' dumb,
To tell the judgment hour had come ;
On went the hearse wi' thunderin' dirl,
An' aye was heard the trumpet skirl ;
Through Logie's woods it rattlin' sped,
The tollman loupin' frae his bed
Was fearfu' o' some awfu' wark,
Sae ope'd the gate in his nicht-sark,
Syne lookin', ran within his door
An' said his prayers upon the floor ;
Away they sped wi' shout an' blast
An' reached the auld kirkyaird at last,
Where crawlin' frae the hearse's wame
They roared wi' laughter at their game.
“ Now,” cried Panmure, “ now wha is brave
Will blaw a blast atour a grave ;”
Undauntedly the swaggerin' band,
Each wi' a trumpet in his hand,

Marched aff without a pang o' fyke
An' reached the low an' crumblin' dyke ;
Sune owre the stanes they bauldly pushed,
An' stood where a' was deeply hushed ;
Ranged round a tombstane lang an' flat
They ceased their wild uproarious chat ;
Each raised his trumpet in the air,
Each felt a creepin' in his hair,
Each hand felt for his neebor's sleeve,
Each felt his courage quickly leave,
Each shivered as a distant bell
Rang slowly out the hour o' twel' ;
Then, wi' an effort, loud an' lang
They blew a wild, unearthly twang.
Then suddenly twa figures white
Rose wi' a shriek that pierced the night ;
Then suddenly twa figures black
Leapt frae a stanin' tombstane's back ;
Then frae each hand the trumpet fell,
Frae ilka tongue arose a yell ;
The horses startit at the sound
An' aff they set wi' forward bound ;
Auld Johnnie tugged an' tugged in vain,

But heedless o' his voice an' rein,
 Away! away! through lang Lochee
 They dragged the hearse wi' madlike glee,
 Nor slackened speed until they fell
 Beside Cowl Ogilvie's ain well.
 Panmure set aff an' reached the wa',
 His limbs refused the sudden ca',
 Owrecome wi' fricht an' chilled in blood,
 He stricken fell wi' fearfu' thud ;
 Bereft o' heart, his crony crew
 Like lichtnin' frae the kirkyaird flew ;
 Alang the road they ran half-dazed,
 Pursued by those that they had raised ;
 They ran an' ran wi' faintin' breath,
 Sae ran the beings woke frae death ;
 Without a stop, without a turn,
 They flew alang the Scourin' burn ;
 Their hats were gane, an' like the wind
 They sped, nor daured to look behind ;
 Some took the Meadows, some the Feus,
 An' scattered a' like frichtened doos.

Returnin' frae the heckler's ball,

Owrecome wi' love's enchantin' thrall,
Young Meg an' Kate, wi' Jim an' Tam,
Alang the road thegither cam'.
To hae a moment's sweet reward,
They wandered in the Auld Kirkyaird,
An' while enclasped in ither's arms
They heard, wi' sudden fear's alarms,
The rumblin' hearse, an' trumpets' sound,
Sae a' crouched low upon the ground ;
But when the trumpets owre their heid
Blew out the blast to wake the deid,
They upward sprang wi' Fear's dread shout,
An' scared the Heroes o' the Vout.

I.

“ A CHRISTIAN Zulu is a Zulu spoiled ! ”
(So spake the sable Zulu King, and smiled
Upon his dusky braves, who shook their spears,
And crooned the battle chant of Freedom's years
With wild, shrill-sounding monotones of joy,
Which bid the savage for his Freedom die).
“ Behold, my warriors ! can ye them enthrall ?
Go chain the winds, or bid night's murky pall
Shun yon bright sky, or Umvolosi's stream
Cease pouring forth its everlasting theme :
Not all your power can make these warriors quail,
Their God is your God, and He will not fail
His dusky children when pale children come
To rob them of the soil He made their home ;
We know where'er your Christian feet have trod
The blood of thousands cries from out the sod ;
Your Christian trumpets peal death's direst blast,
And 'neath its message, black men wither fast ;

Your Christian warfare is a fearful thing,
Your Christian love masks conquest's cruel sting ;
If doomed to die before your Christian might,
As freemen bold my warriors will give fight ! ”
Thus spake the king ! Then fiercely wild, and far,
Arose from every kraal the cry of war ;
From clear Tugela to Ulundi's height
The tireless runners rushed with speedy flight ;
From every vale, with warlike ardour, then
Were gathered hurrying hordes of stalwart men ;
By every hut the dark-skinned mother wept
As in the ranks her son or husband stept ;
No faltering hearts were there, each fearless eye
With strange, weird wildness gleamed defiance high ;
No trembling hand enclasped the rude-made spear,
No laggard marcher lingered in the rear ;
No banners waved, no clarion-notes were heard,
No gunner's whip the lonely silence stirred ;
No wary horsemen galloped o'er the ground,
No lumbering waggons groaned their dismal sound ;
No flashing steel their line of march betrayed,
No flaunting panoply their ranks displayed ;
The nodding ostrich-plumes danced on each head

With wavy motion to their jaunty tread ;
Noiseless as night, resistless on they swept,
While keen-eyed scouts their forward vigils kept.
Away ! away ! they marched, and marshalled swift,
They watched Tugela's Ford to guard Rorke's Drift.

The torrid sun was sinking fast
Through golden-clouded portals vast ;
Far o'er the wilds his glow he threw
And bathed each hill in purple hue ;
On every crest in beauty rolled
His shimmering shafts of burnished gold ;
In peaceful vales his lingering beams
Had left the bosoms of the streams ;
The evening breeze rose faint and slow,
The long, keen-bladed grass drooped low ;
The sombre trees with foliage deep
E'en from their shadows seemed to leap ;
The crown-bird poured its fitful lay,
The parrots' chatter died away,
The wild-duck sought its reedy nest,
The stately ostrich lay at rest ;
The quagga sought the river's brink,

And calmly took his evening drink ;
Within the silent forest dark,
Was heard the fierce hyæna's bark ;
The lion left his secret lair,
And roaring, shook the drowsy air ;
So Night's soft hush, with stealthy tread,
Crept calmly on as beauty fled.
Not undisturbed the dying day,—
Portentous echoes far away
Rolled o'er the hills and smote the ear,
And told of Zulus hovering near,
Whose sable guards in battle-flush
Sprang from the thick mimosa bush—
With eager eye and joyous, scanned
The dark line of a coming band
Slow trailing thro' the prickly brake,
Like some dread, danger-bringing snake :
The lingering sun with flashes bright
Shone on their steel and helmets white,
Now twinkling as a baleful star,
Then gleaming as the eye of war.
Encumbered with the needs of strength,
The line of far-extended length,

Thro' bushes thick and grasses wild,
Down to the river slow defiled ;—
Their forward horsemen led the van
With wary step and watchful scan ;
Each bush which might a foe conceal
They searched with cautious, fearless zeal,
As huntsmen in pursuit of game
Each rifle ready for the aim.
Unchallenged all, no foe appeared,
And soon the welcome stream was neared.
Upon its grassy shelving banks
The camp lines of the various ranks
Were marked with skill and prudence wise,
To guard against a night surprise ;
Then snow-white tents were quickly raised,
And cheery camp-fires brightly blazed ;
The troopers now their steeds secured,
And forage for the night procured ;
The teamsters soon the oxen fed,
And weary, sought their grassy bed ;
The soldier Fingoes danced and sung
Their dismal chants in native tongue ;
While England's merry songs were heard

From brave men squatting on the sward ;
The distant sentries heard the strain,
And thought on those at home again.

Then as the sun went down he cast
His red gleams o'er the soldiers, massed
In all the pride of gun and sword
That night by lone Tugela's Ford.

II.

THE stately moon with splendour shone,
Bright in her blue star-studded throne,
And shed her radiant glory-glow
With soft, unclouded grace below,
While Nature slept beneath her spell ;
No sounds upon the stillness fell,
Save when the lion's distant growl,
Or wandering wolf's wild-wailing howl,
Or sudden rush of startled deer,
Or sentry's challenge ringing clear,
Or dark Tugela's nightly song,
Rose fitfully the wilds among :—
The camp was hushed, no life seemed there

To tell of war's unrest or care ;
The soldiers tired, oblivious found
A soldier's sleep upon the ground.
Some dreamt of home and wife and child,
And starting, breathed one name and smiled ;
Some dreamt of death approaching nigh,
And clasped their hands with piteous cry.
Still, sleeping on, they little knew
That 'mid the hills the fierce Zulu
With stealthy tread and sleepless eyes
Watched well each phase of their emprise,
And to his Chief with haste conveyed
The tale of every movement made.
As through their ranks the tidings flew
Nor sleep nor fear each warrior knew ;
Alert and eager to oppose
The forward march of Christian foes,
By hidden paths, night-marching swift,
Their thousands massed around Rorke's Drift,
And lay in silence, and unseen,
'Mid dense-grown scrub, or bushes green,
Determined to defend their home
'Gainst all who should as foemen come ;

They hummed their chants of hate and scorn,
And longed to see the coming morn,
When every brave, with joy sincere,
In English blood might wash his spear,
Or die, as only warriors do
Whose hearts are to their country true.

The moon had lost her radiance bright,
The stars had lost their kindred light,
The camp-fires lost their ember glow,
The morning clouds hung coldly low,—
When in the east a golden tinge
Rushed o'er each grey cloud's rugged fringe,
And shed a halo in the sky,
Which bade Night's heavenly watchers die,
And kissed calm Nature's night-chilled face,
Which sweetly smiled with wakening grace ;
Then on the soft quiescent air
Rung forth the stirring bugle's blare ;
Then lonely hills woke 'neath the blast,
Then echoes rolled on echoes fast,
Till fading far they seemed to die
In one strange, sad, mysterious cry ;

The wandering lion, startled then,
Scowled at the sky and sought his den ;
The red-mouthed wolf with angry stare
Howled his farewell and sought his lair ;
The gentle ostrich ope'd his eye,
Shook his soft plumes and rose in joy ;
The gaudy songster in the tree
Began his round of minstrelsy ;
And all below and all above
Awoke in harmony and love :—
Scarce had the last notes ceased to sound,
When from the tents and dewy ground
The ready soldiers lightly leapt,
And through the camp war's bustle crept ;
Again the camp-fires brightly flared,
The morn's repast was soon prepared,
While cool Tugela's flowing tide
Their scant ablutions well supplied ;
Above the clanking, arming din
The bugle pealed the glad " Fall in ;"
Then distant sentries left their guard,
The columns mustered on the sward,
The half-drilled Fingoes timorous stood

Eager to shed some Zulu blood :
Firm as a rock-wall sprung from earth
Stood England's gallant Twenty-Fourth ;
Their battle-blazoned banner shed
Its storied halo o'er each head,
Each eye beheld each battle name,
Which told in deathless words of fame,—
There were—howe'er pale Victory leans—
No cowards in " The Howard's Greens."
Then tents were struck and waggons stowed,
The glossy oxen joyous lowed,
The guns were limbered up with speed,
And harnessed quick each patient steed,
The saddled chargers neighed with pride ;
The troopers chatted by their side,
Then in the saddles lightly flew,
And in close order smartly drew.
Thus garbed for march, the warlike band
Stood ready for their chief's command.
Before them loomed the land of those
Whom cursed ambition rendered foes—
Behind, the broad Natalian plain,
Which many would not see again ;

Between, Tugela murmured on,—
That fatal morn their Rubicon.

III.

UNSTABLE Chelmsford closely scanned
The dark shore-line of Zululand
With anxious heart and thoughtful eye,
And war's wild pulses coursing high ;
Yet cool withal, and calmly brave,
His Staff-commands he sternly gave,
Then rode along the silent ranks
Now marshalled on the shelving banks
And proudly viewed the little band,
In marching order ready stand :—
Then pealed the shrill "Advance !" and then
Quick thro' the bank-grown reedy fen
Th' impatient horsemen forward flew,
The shallow stream e'en cantering thro' ;
To right and left they cautious stole,
And turned each bush and clumpy knoll ;
No foe appeared in battle wrath,
To bar their still extending path ;
No Zulus stood to give them fight,

By bush or brake or woody height ;—
The signal flew ! with courage led,
Across the ford the columns sped,
And compact order well maintained,
Befitting troops to warfare trained.
Now down the slope with fiery zeal,
And stroke of whip and touch of heel,
The light artillery dashed on,
Heedless of stump, or stream, or stone,
Onward and forward ! nor in-reined
Until the Zulu bank they gained ;
Fast followed then the waggon-train,
The teamsters' whips were cracked amain,
With blow and tug, and wild haloo !
The wondering oxen waddled through ;
Then, as they kissed the grassy shore,
Arose their deep and sullen roar.
Then fast behind, on danger's post,
The rear-guard closed and quickly crossed,
And e'er the morning's sun arose
All trod the soil of Zulu foes.

Away ! away ! in morning grey

The column marched upon its way ;
Amid the sombre silent hills,
Thro' fen and marsh, o'er purling rills,
Thro' thorny bush and gloomy wood,
The narrow track they slow pursued.
The watchful vanguard rode ahead,
With confidence from valour bred ;
Oft halting till each height was scanned
With potent glass in steady hand ;
Then fearlessly advancing, though
They marked the dark scouts of the foe,
The merry soldiers trudged along,
And hummed a cherry snatch of song—
Each heart fraught with stern duty's zeal,
Which England's warriors ever feel,
Which rules each soul where'er they are,
And makes them gods of peace or war.
Away they went ! but ere the sun
O'er heaven's blue arc had half-way run,
The panting, thirsty oxen grew
Heedless of whip or wild " halloo ! "
The foaming steeds began to lag,
The guns seemed heavier to drag ;

Nor spur, nor thong, nor driver's spell,
Improved the pace which slower fell.
The dusky Fingoes laggard seemed,
Adown their cheeks the sweat-drops streamed ;
Irregularly marching, slow,
Their weapons hung as burdens now.
But England's braves undaunted trod
With steady step the rugged road,
Unfaltering 'neath the sun's fierce glare,
With vestments loosed and bosoms bare,
With fearless eyes and lightsome smiles,
With hearts ne'er reckoning weary miles,
With rifles o'er their shoulders flung,
Their serried line still forward sprung ;
To unison of movement prone,
Their sloping bayonets flashed as one.—

Not Afric's sweltering swamps or plains,
Where sun-soaked silence fiercely reigns ;
Nor fever-haunted trackless woods,
Where Death insatiate ever broods ;
Nor mountains wild, nor valleys lone,
Where lordly lions have their throne ;

Nor chartless lakes, nor rivers vast,
Where white men's feet have never passed,
Can daunt the hearts of men who bear
That great indomitable—*Dare !*
Deep-graven on their souls, to show
That Englishmen, where'er they go,
All thwartings spurn !—will march or die !
But never from their duty fly.—

The sun with fierce untempered might
Had scarcely reached meridian height,
When Chelmsford viewed with looks of pain
His far extended waggon-train ;
With hesitancy in his scan,
With pity more for beast than man,
By timid indecision swayed,
The camping ground he then surveyed.
Then loud and far the bugle rang
The welcome “ Halt ! ” with sounding clang ;
Each teamster heard the well-known sound,
And lashed their oxen 'o'er the ground ;
Each soldier breathed a heartfelt sigh,
And forward pushed with zest and joy.

On Isandula's valley green
The wearied line, with gaps between,
Drew up, with blessings in each breast,
And sought a warrior's meal and rest ;
The oxen were unyoked with speed,
Unharnessed soon each foaming steed ;
Then o'er the ground the tents were raised,
Then soon the camp-fires brightly blazed,
And all forgot their weary toil,
Nor thought of Zulus near the while,
Who, crouching 'mid the hills, surveyed
With joy each disposition made.

IV.

INCAUTIOUS Chelmsford ! why didst thou
Leave camp and stores defenceless now ?
Or why from foresight's skill estranged,
Leave all thy waggons loosely ranged ?
Or why, to war's first duty blind,
Know not of foes before, behind ?
Or why, o'erfilled with rash conceit,
Think not of possible defeat
To those few " Howards " left to guard

Thy baggage scattered o'er the sward ?
The troops had barely ta'en their fare
And found of rest a soldier's share,
The steeds had barely ta'en their hay
Or quenched their thirst with joyous neigh,
When suddenly the bugle pealed
O'er Isandula's busy field !
Then every heart with pulsings dire,
Beat wildly 'neath first battle-fire ;
Then every eye with awe surveyed
The gathering Zulus far ahead
Now vale-ward moving with a rush,
Then disappearing in the bush.
Ah ! Chelmsford, where thy tactics' boast
Before a wary, untrained host ?
Have all war's lessons been forgot
Which thou once learned at Aldershot ?
Oh ! fatal moment, evil hour !
When from thy camp with all thy power,
Thou, over-confidently went
On folly's reconnaissance bent ;—
Unwise is he whose soul contemns
The meanest foemen's stratagems ;

Unlearned is he in battle art
Who scorns to act the cautious part ;
Useless is he in campaign straits
Who fears the issue he creates :
Swift from the camp, by Chelmsford led,
The reconnoitring army sped ;
And wary foemen oft appeared,
To vanish swiftly as they neared—
Now mustering with yells of wrath,
As if to bar their further path ;
Then speeding on by mountain ways,
To draw them further from their base ;—
Out-generalled thus, infatuate, blind,
While death swept o'er their camp behind.

On Isandula's hills a cry was heard
Which smote each ear and every bosom stirred ;
From bush and brake the warlike Zulus teemed,—
Bright in the sun their spears and white shields gleamed ;
Extending far, their dusky crescent * spread,

* The battle formation of the Zulus was in the form of a crescent ; their tactics a gradual closing of the wings, or horns, so as to surround the camp.

As Death's dark claws, to close with horror dread.
Wild as the wind in wrath their yells arose,
Fierce as a tempest's rush they sought their foes ;
As blood-roused tigers, on they swiftly swept,
Resistless, roaring, vast, and madly leapt
Upon their downward way, nor thought of death
Which hovered o'er the now tumultuous heath.
" To arms ! ye Howard's Greens, to arms ! " the cry,
" Form ! form ! they come ! they come ! no help is nigh ;
Deserted now, stand to your colours true,
And fight as only Howard's Greens can do !
See ! see ! they come : O God, be with the brave !
England shall know we England's honour save."
Firm, unappalled, unwavering as of old,
Stood England's braves determinedly bold,
Nor quailed before the savage host which neared
Their serried line, and on their flanks appeared
In all the naked majesty of war,
With battle yells resounding wildly far :—
Then England's warriors knelt upon the plain,
And from their rifles poured th' incessant rain
Of deadly messengers upon the foe,
Who 'neath the storm were laid in hundreds low.

From right to left one steady sheet of flame
Hissed from the line ; still, on the Zulus came ;
Heedless of death around the line they drew,
And 'gainst the bayonets their dead comrades threw,
With all the frenzy which the savage knows
When home and freedom are assailed by foes.
The ruddy wall of steel was shivered then,
The whizzing spears were sheathed in valiant men ;
Broken the line, and shattered 'mid the host,
The " Howards " fought like lions at their post.
Above the din was heard, and not in vain,
The ringing voice of dauntless-souled Pulleine—
" Fly with the colours ! Melvill, Coghill, fly !
The symbols save, fight thro' the horde or die ! "
Melvill and Coghill seized the banners dear,
Looked at the fight and gave one parting cheer ;
With blade and spur their maddened steeds took
 flight,
And thro' the yelling thousands dashed with might ;
Down went each foe who dared to bar their way,
Cleft was each hand who fiercely strove to stay
Their furious chargers' headlong rush for life
From Isandula's fatal field of strife ;

Like demons wild the foe tenacious clung,
At steeds and riders speedy spears were flung
What recked the youths for wounds if but their trust
Were trampled not by foemen in the dust ?
Away ! away ! they sped, swift as the wind,
The stream before them, and the foe behind ;
On ! on ! they flew, life's ebbing efforts sealed,
Earth seemed to whirl, the heavens above them reeled,
Dim greweach eye, slow stole death's darkling dream,—
One bound ! one splash ! and thro' the turbid stream
The wounded steeds their dying riders bore
Safe to the silence of a friendly shore ;
One grasp of love, one smile, one look of pride,
They gave the banners, and beside them died !
Immortal youths ! if fame one laurel gives,
Be yours the guerdon which for ever lives
In deathless beauty round the names of those
Who saved their colours from the grasp of foes.
Feeble, and feebler still, the shouts of death
In fitful tones rose from the gory heath ;
Then, as the last brave English soldier fell,
Far rung the victors' shrill exulting yell ;
Then rose their shouts of joy, as every man

Death-stripping pillage speedily began ;
Then startled oxen waggon-prizes drew,
And 'mid the hills were quickly lost to view ;
Then all was still, and nought of strife remained,
Death's solemn peace o'er Isandula reigned,
And pale-faced Britons scattered o'er the plain
(A ghastly holocaust of stiffening slain)
Told unto heaven the tale, that here they lay,
Tools of Ambition's dark, unchristian sway.

MAJUBA.

IN MEMORY OF THOSE OF THE 92ND
HIGHLANDERS WHO FELL.

IN the silent hush of night
Marched the veterans of fight,
For Majuba's rocky height,
Near the foe ;
Ere the dawn in day had fled,
Ere the sun his glory shed,
Every soldier gazed with dread
Down below.

Not a bugle blew alarms,
Yet the foemen rushed to arms,
And in battle-giving swarms
Clad the heath,
With determination steeled ;
From each bush upon the field
Soon their deadly rifles pealed
Songs of death.

Up and up with stealthy tread,
Heeding not their comrades dead,
Daring all the British lead,
 On they came ;
Like a wave to fury lashed,
O'er the gory ridge they dashed,
And their withering volleys flashed
 Sheets of flame.

Back to back The Gordons stood !
Back to back they stemmed the flood !
Back to back they shed their blood
 Like the brave !
Round them raged the fire of hell !
Round them rung their dying knell !
And each man a hero fell,
 On his grave !

MUSTERED OUT.

'NEATH Afric's burning skies,
Where lonely mountains rise,
A Highland soldier lies—
Mustered out !

Far from his native land,
One of a gallant band,
He heard the dread command—
Mustered out !

Wrapped in his tartan plaid,
Down in the grave they made,
A hero's corse was laid,—
Mustered out !

From cannon's deadly roar,
His weary marches o'er,
He sleeps to wake no more,—
Mustered out !

A mound with grass o'er-grown,
Upon it not a stone
To mark the home of one—
Mustered out !

SOMETHING IN IT.

“ALL is nothing!” said a sage
To his little prattling boy;
“Time is but an endless age,
Life is but its flimsy toy.”

“Nothing!” said the boy demurely;
“O! I love to give thee joy,
So my life is *Love*, and surely
There is *something* in the toy.”

JOSEPH COWEN, M.P.

"There is no wisdom in hiding the truth."—Speech on Coercion,

January 28th, 1882.

HAIL ! noble Cowen ! man of sterling worth,
Untainted with the falsities which make
The Truth a glaring lie for party's sake—
Thou art indeed the Bayard of the North,
Sans peur et sans reproche ; thy voice gives forth
The unpolluted coinage of a mind
Surcharged with sympathy for crushed mankind,
And hate for those who make a hell of earth.
What though thou art maligned by little men,
Thy light with increased brightness shall out-burn
The puny flickerings of the puny host
Who fear the torrents of that deeper ken
Which makes thy soul with indignation spurn
Those trickster sophistries of which they boast.

BY THE TAY.

FAIR Tay! Loved daughter of a hundred hills,
Glide on with silvery footsteps through the vales,
And sweetly tell the sad and weirdful tales
Which from a thousand Highland-nurtured rills
Are poured into thine ear with love that fills
The listening winds. Fain by thy placid breast
Would I, a toil-worn warrior, be at rest ;
Or haply taste the joys thy joy instils
Into a care-racked heart. Thy songful voice,
Heard 'mid the glades on Invergowrie's banks,
Sounds as a siren's captivating cry
That bids me hasten from the songless ranks,
And for one moment in thy calm rejoice,
Freed from the bonds which on me heavy lie.

AN EVENING IN YARROW.

COME! let us sit amid the heather bells
And watch the wondrous sun sink to his rest
Far in the hill-ridged, golden-clouded West ;
How peaceful is the eve on Yarrow's fells!
Methinks the Spirit of Creation dwells
Upon this spot. Strange music round us floats—
The lonely curlew pipes his eerie notes,
The laden bee of honied triumph tells,
While Yarrow's stream far in the glen below
(A silver thread wound in a garment green)
Hums to the cattle on their byre-ward way :
See! drowsy Nature in the sun's last glow
Draws gloaming's grey robes o'er the lovely scene,
And bids farewell unto the dying day.

THE LARK'S SONG.

UPON Creation's last and greatest day
The wondrous model of the Man appeared,
A reflex of the form of Him who reared
The beauteous image from the rude, red clay
Which at His feet in plastic masses lay.
Was't finished ? No ! Behold, the Sculptor's breath
Thrilled thro' the shape that, erst as cold as death,
Burst into perfect manhood's life straightway,
And as a being from a dread dream woke !
He scanned the streams, woods, vales, and mighty hills,
In all the sunny glory of their birth ;
Then o'er his head a lark the silence broke,
And, listening to its sweet triumphant trills,
He felt his soul's first pleasure in the earth.

SOWERS *versus* REAPERS.

A' YE wha farm Auld Scotland's soil !

A' ye whase life is tillage toil !

A' ye wha ne'er frae Right recoil !

List to my rhyme ;

A Scotsman like yersel's, I swear

I lo'e my country passin' dear ;

Be this my passport to each ear

At this need-time,

Hear me, ye thinkin' sons o' men,

Ye soil-sprung stock frae strath an' glen,

Whose aim is aye to do an' ken

The truly right ;

Hear me. Behold the wrongs o' years,

Lang watered wi' your toil an' tears,

Hae blossomed, an' the fruit appears

Before your sight.

God sends nae ills without the cures,
He points the way that weal secures,
Sae this lang-looked-for hairst is yours
Sair wrangs to stop.

Up! reap therefrom wi' heart an' soul,
An' as your lairds the earth control,
Now bauldly gar them eat the whole
O' this new crop.

When land was stown wi' spears an' swords,
An' lairds were made by kingly words,
The earth nae langer was the Lord's,
To keep His creatures.
Lairds' laws were framed by lairds, that they
Might o'er their stolen acres sway,
An' grind the sowers as they may,
Wi' despot natures.

Ah! then mankind was puir an' weak,
An' Learnin's light was but a peek
That few e'er saw, or cared to seek,
For fear o' death ;
Hence, while by laird-oppression bound,

As slaves they tilled for lairds the ground,
An' 'gainst their laws nae chiel was found
To raise a breath.

But times are changed ! The schule an' pen
Hae taught a' sowers now to ken
That lairds are just like ither men,
Gey common clay ;
Besides, this lesson nobly grand,—
Lairds hae nae right to tax the land !
Is felt as a Divine command
A' maun obey.

An' shall the toil which has been spent
In shine an' storm, wi' sweat unkent,
Be but a landlord's guage o' rent
For farmer bodies ?
No ! No ! fouk hae nae right to gi'e
Their labour for starvation's fee ;
Wha are sae simple, sure maun be
No' men, but cuddies.

Why should the lairds be reapers o'
The profits which should surely go

To those wha harrow, plough, an' sow,
An' bear the stress?
Is it because they bought the land?
Then let an ord'nar' int'rest stand
The measure o' their rent-demand,
Nae mair, nae less.

Is it because o' titles auld
Bestowed on some ancestor bauld,
Wha had some reivers sairly mauled,
Syne stole their lands?
Or is't because God has decreed
That some should aff their neebors feed,
An' never feel the nip o' need,
Or fyle their hands?

Whate'er the cause, the factor creed
O' ruthless selfishness an' greed
Has brought Nemesis wi' full speed
Upon their heids!
Scots sowers to their rights hae woke!
Nae mair they'll bear the bitter yoke
O' keepin' useless gentry folk
For taxin' deeds.

Strong in the holy sense of right,
Behold them a' as ane unite
To free the soil frae that curst blight—
 Laird-fashioned laws.
O! sowers, be ye o' guid cheer,
Frae Justice' path ne'er swerve or veer,
Your reapers' rage ye needna fear,—
 God speeds your cause.

I WADNA G'IE AN HOUR WI' JEAN.

I WADNA gi'e an hour wi' Jean
For a' the leddies on the earth ;
Sic love as hers was never seen,
An' never poured sae freely forth.
O ! she's a', a', a' to me,
Mair I couldna, canna thole ;
Raven locks an' witchin' e'e
Steal awa' my vera soul.

The Queen may on her dainties feast,
Wi' shinin' gems around her brow ;
My lassie's head upon my breist
Is dearer than them a' I vow.
O ! she's a', a', a' to me, &c.

The soldier loves his battle-fame,
The miser loves his clinkin' gold,
But love like Jean's I canna name—
'Tis only by the angels told.
O ! she's a', a', a' to me, &c.

Her voice, sae low, is fu' o' charms,

Her smile, sae sweet, is fu' o' grace ;

Her look, sae kind, my bosom warms,

Her heart is my abidin'-place.

O ! she's a', a', a' to me, &c.

ONLY A SONG.

WHEN Toil is o'er and the night draws nigh,
And Thought runs wild in the fields of rhyme,
O! my heart leaps light, and it seems to cry,
Sing me a song in the gloaming time!

What is the world or what is its care?
A weary path which is hard to climb;
So I sing as I march, through foul or fair,
A cheering song in the gloaming time.

The years pass on and their touches leave
A sadder tone in each hour-bell's chime,
Though they kiss my hair I will round them weave
A joyous song in the gloaming time.

Then onward! onward! I go with glee,
Trusting for rest in the holy clime;
So my heart beats light as it cries,—Sing me
A simple song in the gloaming time.



